

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

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Christian Century will present

CHICAGO

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR DAY.

Christian Endeavor Day is the first Sunday
in February. The Foreign Christian Mis-
sionary Society is making a campaign to
enlist 1,500 societies among the Disciples to
observe this day and contribute to the cause
of world-wide missions. It would seem to
be an easy matter to enlist this number of
societies, which after all would be less than
half of the total number of societies in our
churches. This is our Centennial Year, and
aside from reaching the goal set by the For-
eign Society, we Endeavorers have our own
Centennial aim to attain, which is absolutely
necessary that these special days be widely
observed and made much of. Justin M.
Green, for the Foreign Society, has prepared
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National Superintendent of Christian En-
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in the observance of Christian Endeavor
Day among our societies, and earnestly urge
that these programs be ordered at once and
preparation begin as early as possible that
this day may be a high day in each society.

Claude E. Hill,

National Superintendent.

Mobile, Ala., Dec 10, 1908.

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The Christian Century

Vol. XXVI.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY 2 1909.

No. 1.

Who Best Represents Our Plea?

Having settled, as we now dare to hope, the special case of the right of a certain brother to represent our plea on the Centennial program the Disciples of Christ still have on their hands the general question, Who is our most fitting representative? Who is the typical Disciple?

By this we do not mean, of course, what person is most representative, but *what type of mind* best stands for the essential plea that we make to the divided church of Christ. This we can discuss without reference to any man's personality. We do not wish to continue "the late Christian unpleasantness," as a correspondent characterizes it, a day longer than we are compelled. But the value of such a controversy lies not in the mere decision of the specific case but in the illumination of certain principles which may not have been discerned before. The clear perception of these principles will save us from a repetition of the disgraceful embroglio of the past four months.

In the specific case, just closing, opposition to Professor Willett has been based on the alleged fact that he held certain opinions contrary to those generally accepted among us. He was therefore not competent to represent our brotherhood at its Centennial. As the controversy developed it became clear that the alleged views of Professor Willett were not his at all, that a false representation of his teaching had gained currency. The original question as to his representativeness was changed into the question of his being honestly represented by the newspaper that attacked him.

We have before expressed our disappointment in this shifting of the issue. A question of this sort has no edification in it for the brotherhood in general. But the question of liberty, the original question of the desirability of a man of Professor Willett's views representing our plea, was pregnant with important issues for our Christian Union movement.

The establishment of Professor Willett's relative orthodoxy has perhaps obscured the deeper question. Many are saying now, "Certainly if those are Professor Willett's beliefs no objection should be made to his speaking at our convention. He holds the views commonly accepted among us, and while he may diverge at certain points from the common view this divergence in no sense endangers that body of doctrine to which our people are committed."

The Christian Century has not insisted upon Professor Willett's retaining his place on the Centennial program because he was orthodox. We have insisted upon the truth being told about him as a matter of personal justice to him and as a means of allaying immediately an ugly controversy that threatened for a time the holiest interests of our Zion. But we wish it to be kept clearly before our readers that we do not regard the elaborate statement of his faith which Professor Willett made in our columns as the reason why he should be invited to represent us at our convention. This "confession" of his faith is a noble utterance. It discloses a soul moving on the high uplands of thought and feeling. It has served the purposes for which it was composed.

But a danger lurks in it.

Shall every man be compelled to write out his creed, too, to have it tallied up with "that body of doctrine" commonly believed among us, before he is allowed to speak at our conventions or to be regarded as representative?

The value of this controversy to the brotherhood will be lost if it is generally understood that Professor Willett has been allowed to represent us because he is nearly orthodox. That is why we would much prefer to have fought through the question of liberty rather than the question of orthodoxy.

Our own position is that the best, the most typical, representative of the Disciples of Christ is the heretic, not the orthodox. We believe that in so far as Professor Willett diverges from conventional thought he is in a better position to represent us than if he agreed

with the crowd in all his views. It betrays a false conception of our plea to assume that our typical representatives are the men who accept our typical thinking.

Our typical representatives are the men who reject our typical thinking while maintaining a deep and loyal faith in our Master, Christ.

Let us ask again, What is the purpose of our movement? What is it that we go to celebrate in Pittsburgh? Is it our denominational successes? Our stubborn contention has ever been that we are not a denomination, and in this contention the Christian Century agrees. Is it to exploit a body of doctrine that we have organized in our hundred years of history? We have disavowed the possession of any such doctrinal formulations in every sermon preached since Thomas Campbell's day.

The purpose of our movement is to gather Christ's divided people into one body of which Christ himself shall be the head. We are going to Pittsburgh to celebrate the promulgation by the fathers of the principle that personal loyalty to Christ Jesus the Lord, and faith in him as the divine revelation is in itself a sufficient bond of union and co-operation without the aid of creedal agreements. We are offering to the world a platform which we declare is already a common denominator for all Christian people—broad enough to embrace all, and strong enough to support all in co-operative service.

Naturally in the growth and fellowship of a movement like this there will come to be a type of belief commonly accepted. But does he who accepts the common belief best represent the essential principle of the movement or he who dissents from the common belief?

Our answer is that, he best represents our essential plea who differs from us for he is a living embodiment of the plea as well as a spokesman for it. He is a live illustration of it in the relationship of confidence in which he, though a heretic, is held by his brethren.

Can Christ unite us? That is the question we are called upon to answer today in our practice. We have been answering it in our preaching for a hundred years. We have declared that He alone was a sufficient bond. He has held us together through certain differences of opinion. On certain points of the old creeds we have frankly agreed to disagree. But new creeds are springing up. Matters of which the old creeds did not treat are becoming live issues in the thinking of today. Can Christ hold us together despite our differences on social questions, and critical questions, and psychological questions, and historical questions, and the pragmatic philosophy? If we have agreed to leave to each man's intelligence the matter of the predetermination of God, and the punishment of the wicked, and the trinity, and the millennium, shall we be able to unite and co-operate with a brother or a body of brethren who find it possible to explain certain records of the Old Testament without regarding them as precise historical fact, or who in making confession of the divinity of Christ, have something much more significant in mind than that he was born of a virgin?

For our part, we believe that when once the full breadth and grandeur of our position becomes conscious to ourselves we will be proud of the man who thinks independently. Placing his hand in Christ's we will say to each scholar, Go forth, with open mind, and fear not, but search for truth and what thou discoverest bring to us that we may test it and possess it, if it be indeed true. But if thou art deceived and bringest back error, fear not for thyself. So long as thou holdest the hand of Christ thou art our own.

Such an one would be our typical representative because he would be the natural product of the soil of faith and the atmosphere of liberty. Known by the world to be in our hearty fellowship, his very divergences from our conventional thinking would commend our platform as a practicable basis for the union of God's people.

EVENTS CURRENT AND SOME UNDERCURRENTS

By Alva W. Taylor

THE EBB OF THE IMMIGRATION TIDE

Secretary Straus gives the figures on immigration and emigration for the year ending September 30th. They show that 724,112 aliens came to our shores during the twelve-month and that 717,814 left us for the homelands. This leaves a net increase for the year of but 6,298. It is claimed the cause was the scarcity of work, and that was doubtless the chief of causes, for most of these people come to toil with their hands in the great industrial armies of construction in the cities and on the railroads, or in other of the industries that feel the fluctuations of a panic quickly. But there may be other reasons less on the surface. The great cities are so crowded now with them, the common laborer's name has become legion, wages are so distressingly low for such work and the emigrant's dream is so reduced to sordid reality that the tide may be on the turn permanently.

LETTERS BY WIRE

While we are waiting for the cheap wireless telegraph or the wireless telephone with a receiver in our vest pocket, an invention has been perfected by Patrick Delany that will automatically send one thousand words over an ordinary telephone wire per minute and, so claims the inventor, not interfere with conversation over the wire at the same time. A line is in daily use between Boston and Portland which is doing something like this and offers service at the rate of one hundred words on the editor's desk in Morse characters for twenty-five cents; fifty words delivered to any post-office address; or twenty-five words specially delivered for the same sum. This makes letters, or at least post-cards, sans the picture, by wire possible if you are in a hurry. The messages are sent and received automatically and thus insures accuracy and speed and reduces both expense of establishment and operating. It is well known that the big telegraph monopolies not only make millions but shelve inventions for improvement of the service often because of the waste it would require to replace the old equipment. Once you have sent a message in England for a six-pence and had it delivered within half an hour you wonder what is the matter at home. England uses the telegraph about three times as much and New Zealand more than five times as much per caput as does this most enterprising of nations.

THE LAIRD OF SKIBO'S DREAM

Andrew Carnegie, next to W. J. Bryan, is the most quoted man of the day, outside of those whose official position brings their words into notice. Scarcely a day passes without Mr. Carnegie doing or saying something interesting. He makes a notable, not to say sensational, speech, in which he advocates some reform that is startling, or he writes a magazine article that does the same thing, or he appears before a congressional committee and advocates tariff reduction, or he issues a new book that is decidedly original, or he makes some great new gift, or does some other thing that shows he is young though over seventy and evidently is enjoying life, in the full possession of mental powers, fortune, and a great reputation. His tariff creed as quoted from Mill is to the effect that a tariff is admissible in a new country or in the case of a new industry until once it is established, but not after it has been placed on a substantial footing with the same industry in the world. He thus frankly reveals to us the great cause for the making of his own immense fortune, but avers that they could have done quite as well these many years without the duty on steel. But his great dream is revealed in his new book entitled "Problems of Today." It is a vision of the time when Capital and Labor will be one, and the first strands of the bond he sees in the profit-sharing schemes of today. The fishing fleet is a picture to him of the ideal industrial relation, every man on it from chief skipper to last cabin boy sharing in the profit of the season upon a percentage division. He would have each co-operator paid a salary that would constitute a minimum wage and insure a living, the capital of the concern standing behind the assurance, and all share of the profits or losses on a pro-rata basis to be agreed upon, with a fair division according to the skill and ability contributed. That day he believes is coming and "thus is labor soon to attain its deserved place and recompense, and workman and capitalist become one—the wage system, except a minimum, being displaced by a division of profits."

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT: SCHOLAR OR ENDOWMENT PROMOTER?

The college president is very often chosen because of his ability to get money. If a man can be found who possesses also the scholarly qualifications that the position is supposed to demand, very well and good, he will be given the preference; but if not he must be a money getter. President Taylor, of Vassar, testifies that it

is a most disagreeable job for the man of academic tastes. He says, "I have been insulted more than once. A college president ought to say to his board of trustees, 'I am through, I will have no more of it.' * * * I would like to rub it into this generation that money is not everything." He adds that money must be found but that education must be kept free from the dollar ideal, that the best money getter is the business man who takes an interest and goes to his fellows with a proposition to invest in a good cause. It requires more versatility than the ordinary or even the extraordinary teacher and scholar possesses to be a scholar, teacher, administrator, and money getter. There are such men, but they are the exception that proves the rule. Let Christian business men raise the money.

CRIMINALS OR MARTYRS?

Sam'l Gompers, for twenty-six years the leader of the greatest living host of organized labor, Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, and John Mitchell, the most loved labor leader of the land, are branded as common criminals in one of the most scathing and intemperate decisions ever read in an American court. The case involved a principle that required calm and deliberate opinion and the decision of a just and reasonable court. To have these men held in contempt ought not cause any dissent if it were done for the sake of settling finally a mooted point that involves a question at law or the rights and privileges of citizens under the constitution. An injunction was issued against the publishers of the American Federationists directing them to desist from the publication of an "Unfair List." This "Unfair List" was simply a list of firms that were not friendly to organized labor. It compelled no man to any deed, but did advise union labor not to patronize those who were "Unfair" to the cause and the unions. This "Unfair List" was characterized by the injudicious judge as "false and malicious libels on the integrity of honorable men" and the men who published it denounced as "misguiding leaders, swollen by pigmy powers." These leaders of organized labor continued to publish the "Unfair List" after the injunction was issued, upon the advice of some of the greatest constitutional lawyers of the nation, in order to bring to a test the question it involved. They were advised that it was not a conspiracy as charged in the injunction issued, but that the injunction itself was unconstitutional in that it deprived citizens of the right of free speech. This the vehement judge answers by saying that the constitution nowhere guarantees the right to speak, print, or publish, but that it simply forbids congress to abridge it and remands the right to abridge it to the several states. This is certainly something new under the sun. The real issues involved seem to be whether or not the so-called "boycott by suasion" is construable as a conspiracy under the law, whether an injunction against it is a denial of constitutional rights, and as to the limits of the powers of injunction. It may well be hoped that the Court of Appeals will send it to the Supreme Court for final decision, for it cannot be settled elsewhere. Should that court hold these men in contempt it will equal the famous Taff Vale ruling of the House of Lords in England a few years ago, which resulted in some of the most radical laws in favor of the rights of labor ever recorded. If these great leaders of labor can suffer humiliation for a time for the winning of such rights they may well bear the stigma of criminals for a day. The world moves forward by putting its great-hearts among its malefactors. The decision of the court in this case is not so much to be deplored as the temper in which it was given. To make a wholesale denunciation of labor unions and labor leaders and the cause they represent as "unrefined insult, coarse affront, vulgar indignity" and to characterize a case presented by such lawyers as Judge Parker and representing such men as John Mitchell, as a contest "between the supremacy of law over the rabble or its prostration under the feet of a disordered throng" cannot help the cause of the Manufacturer's Association much in the popular mind, and it is the popular mind that will rule and that right quickly if sufficiently aroused.

THE END OF WAR.

While they are drawing up rules to govern active warfare in London the Wrights are attaining new wonders in France with their flying machine, and Octave Chanute, the first of recognized authorities on aerial navigation, says, "The end of war is in sight." Count Zeppelin will soon be ready to demonstrate anew the power of the solid dirigible to make long flights and regular trips between designated places, while the Scientific American talks about the possibility of vacuum envelopes after the Zeppelin model, a type that would do away with many of the weaknesses of a gas bag. Roy Knabenschue recently sailed about over the city of Los Angeles at a great height and threw confetti "bombs" enough to have effectually destroyed the city had they been actual high class

explosives. At the same time he effectually answered the critics who claimed ineffectiveness for bombardment by an air ship of any kind because it would be impossible to drop bombs from it, thus lightening the load, and maintain a navigable position in the air. True, the last Hague Conference forbade the use of air vessels for dropping bombs, but that has not the authority of international law until legally enacted by the treaty making powers of the several nations, and there is no more reason for making such an enactment than there is for ruling out shimose or lyddite or decreeing that the Dreadnaught is the finality in battleships. It would be tantamount to a beginning of disarmament. Theoretically the Wright aerodrome should easily arise to a height of two thousand

feet, sail eighty miles an hour, and remain aloft as long as the motor would run. They have actually attained a height of over three hundred feet, sailed more than a mile a minute, and remained in the air nearly two hours, and they have never tempted fate by going to the apparent limit. No gun can be trained at sharp enough angle to reach even a comparatively low altitude, and if so could not be effectually aimed at a speck in the sky going a mile a minute. There only remains the battle above the clouds, a thing too horrible to be imagined and too expensive to be provided for. Meanwhile the moral sentiment against war increases mightily and is more powerful than deadly invention.

"Remember"

It is the testimony of history that the Romans worshiped, among their many deities, a goddess whose face was turned back over her shoulder, and whose name was "Memoria." If any of the powers of the soul has the right to such apotheosis, it is surely this one of memory. For practically all we have is the past. The future is not yet in our possession. The present is a mere vanishing point. The past alone abides.

At the close of the year it is natural to look backward. Our almost habitual attitude is one of interest in the future. The fascination of change is upon us. Like children, we want to see the next thing. If we are moving, when are we going to stop? If we are quiet, when shall we start again? Even the oldest finds this spell of expectancy upon him. We say that youth looks forward, and age backward, but it is only partially true. Old people are often as eager and expectant as children, and when the long ranges of life are considered, the vast years to come, why should they not be, for one is scarcely older than the other.

But at the end of the year the pull of events is backward, even though but for a moment. The very fact that accounts must be cast up and inventories taken gives point to retrospection, and in that backward glance it is easy to see that we share with the community a great fund of common experiences, good and evil. During the year some notable public men and women have fallen out of the ranks, some large public enterprises have come to birth, some valuable books have taken form, some great catastrophes have befallen the world. But what concerns us as individuals far more than these notable events is the series of personal experiences through which we have passed. Few of them had to do with matters that ever reached the public, but to us they have been of profound significance for good or evil. A new friendship was formed which promises to be the most inspiring we have enjoyed. A new door of love was opened, which has already revealed depths and mysteries in life undreamed of before. A book was read which has changed the front of the world to us. A valued acquaintance betrayed a confidence and in one moment fell from our sky like Lucifer, son of the morning. A temptation successfully resisted brought new joys of mastery over self and circumstances. And these events all unknown to the world of common report, made for us a year of intense interest, whose silent events have meant more to us than naval world tours, presidential elections or the passing of princes.

The use which one makes of his own past is the measure of the man. It is strange what control we have over our own previous experiences if we wish it. On the other hand, we may be mastered by them. Zola tells in his story, "Lourdes," of a girl who suffered a fall, the nervous shock of which, together with the slight

injury sustained, left her a helpless paralytic. There was no reason for the loss of power save in the centering of morbid attention on that scene in the past to which the mind reverted whenever the impulse came to move the helpless limbs. For years she remained a cripple, controlled by a single insignificant episode in the past, yet powerless to divert her mind from the hallucination that she was really paralysed. No doubt thousands suffer, physically, mentally, or morally, from just such experiences. A harmless accident has given rise to imaginary disease; a sudden fright has left them needlessly, but quite really cowards; a moment's embarrassment or shame has left its impress in an apparently hopeless awkwardness. Such people are letting their past reach out its dead hand to control them. Relief can only come by a resolute and courageous facing of that unpleasant incident, a quiet fixing of attention upon it till its trivial character is seen, the ghost is laid, and freedom is won. A horse, which has been terrified by a passing train, can never be cured of his disease of fright until he is gently but firmly made to fix his attention upon the cause of alarm, and then the cause of the fright is forever removed. Thousands are finding emancipation from some paralyzing moment of the past in skillful and kindly treatment. It is a new application of the apostolic word, "Remember."

But in more frequent instances is the past discovered to be a source of power. A moment of crucial testing furnishes the theme for lifelong satisfaction. A great danger overcome is the topic of a thousand recitals, and "the peril of an hour makes the epic of a life." We learn how to manipulate and transform our past, so that it loses its gloom and becomes an inspiration. No veteran would willingly forget the hardships which he recalls at the campfire of his post. No explorer would wish to omit from his life the terrible struggle with savages from which he barely escaped alive. No business man wants to forget the hardships of his first years as a clerk, or how early in his married life it was a question how the little household could be sustained. These experiences were trying in their day, but now memory uses them as the interpreters of the success which has been achieved. The past is one's best possession, even though he knows with Browning that "the best is yet to be." "Remember" is still the open sesame to the treasures of life.

And then, best of all, the past can be made after whatever pattern we choose. For the present is plastic, and the present will become the past in another instant. To make our own past a monitor by which to shape the day we have, to see the long line of the ages behind us in their vast perspective of heroisms, sacrifices, martyrdoms, struggles, with the Cross of Christ at the far end, and all this wealth of effort poured out that we, "the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time" may be worthy of our heritage, this is to "Remember," and in remembrance to find hope.

The New Civic Idealism

Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Ill., has been delivering a series of ten addresses before the Y. M. C. A. of his home city on "Composite Citizenship." He has treated the immigration problem from the standpoint adopted by Israel Zangwill in "The Melting Pot," though his theme was announced and his discussion begun before Mr. Zangwill's play came out. The course has awakened not a little interest in the city. Mr. Lindsay is an idealist of uncompromising character. On the occasion of his last lecture the program contained a poem by the lecturer in which he expressed the ideal possibilities not of Lincoln's city alone, but of every city. The civic idealism that is fast growing up amongst our people makes these stanzas significant beyond their local setting.

ON THE BUILDING OF SPRINGFIELD.

Let not our town be large—remembering
That little Athens was the Muses' home,
That Oxford rules the heart of London still,
That Florence gave the renaissance to Rome.

Record it for the grandson of your son—

A city is not built in a day:

Our little town cannot complete her soul
Till countless generations pass away.

Now let each child be joined as to a church

To her perpetual hopes, each man ordained;

Let every street be made a reverent aisle

Where music grows and beauty is unchained.

Let Science and Machinery and Trade

Be slaves of her, and make her all in all—

Building against our blatant restless time

An unseen, skillful, medieval wall.

Like Nuremburg against the robber knights

Let her keep out the wealth bereft of sense—

Putting her ban upon the stupid toys

Of private greed and greasy arrogance.

Let every citizen be rich toward God,
Let Christ, the beggar, teach divinity—
Let no man rule who holds his money dear,
Let this, our city, be our luxury.

We should build parks that students from afar
Would choose to starve in, rather than go home—
Fair little squares, with Phidian ornament—
Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb.

Songs shall be sung by us in that good day—
Songs we have written—blood within the rhyme
Beating, as when Old England still was glad,
The purple, rich Elizabethan time.

Say, is my prophecy too fair and far?
I only know, unless her faith be high,
The soul of this our Nineveh is doomed,
Our little Babylon will surely die.

Some city on the breast of Illinois
No wiser and no better at the start,

By faith shall rise redeemed—by faith shall rise
Bearing the western glory in her heart—

The genius of the Maple, Elm and Oak,
The secret hidden in each grain of corn—
The glory that the prairie angels sing
At night when sons of Life and Love are born—

Born but to struggle, squalid and alone,
Broken and wandering in their early years.
When will they make our dusty streets their goal,
Within our attics shed their sacred tears?

When will they start our vulgar blood athrill
With living language—words that set us free?
When will they make a path of beauty clear
Between our riches and our liberty;

We must have many Lincoln-hearted men—
A city is not builded in a day—
And they must do their work, and come and go
While countless generations pass away.

On The Religious Significance of Poetry

By Marietta Neff

The fundamental objection to didacticism in literature is not, one may venture to suggest, any subjective criterion of taste, but the simplest of logical principles—that life is larger than anything one can say about it, experience more complex than any formula, the test of the ways of the spirit of man more subtly wonderful than the power of any gloss to define. Things that are generally accepted are generally wrong; truths that can be reduced to a proposition have lost their vitality. It is the failure to remember just these truisms,—themselves only half truths, to be sure, by virtue of their formulation, that is in large measure responsible for the inability of the world to understand the religious significance of poetry. Men and women content themselves with the dry bones of moralizing and didacticism such as they read in hymns and other types of second grade poetry, finding religious values in what is often neither true nor artistic, when the whole body of that great literature which has in it the breath of life awaits their acceptance.

Because hymns do not often, except by grace, come under the head of poetry, and because a discussion of them, even if they were looked upon as literature, would confine one to a very narrow field; one may find more profit in contemplating the results of indulging in didacticism or refraining from it, in the case of a very little of the best known English secular poetry,—bearing always in mind that the contention of the anti-didactic point of view is that the large serenities, the sharp stimuli of poetry, all the good and gracious appeals that contribute toward the religious acceptance of life are to be found in non-didactic poetry in a fashion that makes significant the popular desire to abolish the hoary distinction between sacred and secular.

William Wordsworth was one of the greatest of those poets to whom the moral tag was forever a curse,—possibly because to him the moralizing tendency of youth was potently divine; because to him the "six-years darling of a pigmy size" was a

"Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find."

It had been better had the poet who concluded the noble ode on immortality with the words,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

remembered that there are thoughts which do often lie too deep for words; for Maeterlinck has said truly that we speak only when life is sluggish in us.

The really great Wordsworth was not he who wished to be "considered as a teacher or as nothing," not the poet who, as Keats said has a "palpable design upon us"—even so noble a design as that in "Tintern Abbey," but he who in "Composed upon Westminster Bridge" or "The Solitary Reaper" displayed unacknowledged affinities with the faith that

"—they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things,—"
the faith that

the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires."

This Wordsworth who might have had fellowship with Keats

was he who found "pre-eminently dear,"

"The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb."

If it be objected that Keats' consciousness was so "embroidered with dim dreams" as to be incapable of a healthy attitude toward life, one may recall Browning, the most robust of poets, who believed heartily that

"If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents."

It is characteristic of Robert Browning that in spite of his tremendous moral earnestness and his consequent inclination toward didacticism, his love of beauty kept him in most cases from the offensive moral tag at the close of a poem. He loves to end a poem with the intensely human, concrete appeal. What could be more splendidly effective than the conclusion of "My Last Duchess?"

"notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me."

or the exalted abandon of the closing verses of "In a Gondola"?

"Still kiss me. Care not for the cowards. Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair,
My blood will hurt. The Three, I do not scorn
To death, because they never lived; but I
Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—can die."

Indeed even when Browning's conclusions are abstract, they are so in an intensely romantic fashion. Who can read "Time's Revenges" without being haunted by the lines—

"There may be heaven; there must be hell;
Meantime there is our earth here—well!"

Browning's closing a poem with some ecstatic concord or some tantalizing dissonance suggests by contrast the conclusion of the "Ancient Mariner" which is a most flagrant instance of discontent with anything but C Major of this life as a note upon which to rest.

It is not unusual to speak of the poets' spiritualization of the love of a man and a woman, because it is so obvious a thing that the poets alone among men are best able to say how great and satisfying a religious love may be, enabling all lovers to become reconciled to life through numberless variations of the simple words forever on the lips of each one of them.—"Who has found thee knows wherefore he is in the world." If one were to search for some less hackneyed standard whereby the poet's greatness is severely tested, one might perhaps best choose his manner of treating death; for in touching upon such a subject, if a poet be conventional, he must needs give himself up to futile moralizing, or to a strained attempt to ignore the facts. What stimulus to brain or heart, is to be found in Gray's assurance that "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," or Whittier's sigh for him who cannot see "the stars shine through his cypress trees," or Bryant's solemn reminder that "all that breathe will share thy destiny," or Longfellow's foolish insistence that "there is no death"?

Let him who would take our mortal destiny with some daring, with some gracious nonchalance, with some truly religious acceptance, read the "Stirrup-Cup."

"Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care.
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity."

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.
Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly."

Let him read "Whispers of Heavenly Death" or let him read that wonderful "Last Invocation."

"At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of
the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.
Let me glide noiselessly forth:
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set open the doors, O Soul.
Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold, O love.)

And thus it is that if one were to give some attention not only to the poets who have been briefly mentioned here, but to all the good company of singers, one would find that the greatest poetry has the didactic element either much subordinated, or included in so external a fashion as to be easily separable from what is genuine, or, best of all, entirely absent.

In the introduction to that wise and witty poem, "Fifine at the Fair," the poet tells us that

"Emancipate through passion
And thought.
For heaven—poetry"—

We give our minds to the "spirit-sort," who "move in a finer element."

"Whatever they are, we seem:
Imagine the thing they know,
All deeds they do we dream;
Can heaven be else but so?"

No poetry, it is true, can give us life, as it actually is, even the comedy of the street and of the drawing-room; no poetry can give us the chivalrous grace of young romance or the strength and quietness and breathless certitude of a maturer love; no poetry can give us the bugle blast of battle, the horror of carnage, the tramp of victorious armies. But if the function of poetry be after all the religious function of stirring high passion, of making the heart sensitive to the finer issues of life, of speaking to the listening soul with voices that are not heard on earth forever save in dreams,—if these appeals constitute the function of poetry then indeed, its essence must be, not a ponderous didacticism, but even so frail and fleeting a thing as beauty like the poignant fairness of moonlight waters, or of silvery pools under the sun of early winter, or of blue lakes at peace with the blue sky; even, moreover, beauty as vast and terrible as the surge and thunder of multitudinous seas.

It is at rare intervals happily true that this beauty may be closely associated with what is conventionally looked upon as a religious idea. Any one who has learned to love "The Ballad of

Trees and the Master," knows that there are moods in which it makes a subtler appeal than the New Testament

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him.
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came,
Into the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him, last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

Here one finds brevity, simplicity, the mystical treatment of nature, suggestion rather than declaration,—and perfect restraint.

But this religious value is not the exclusive possession of poetry that is rich in the connotations of historical Christianity. Any rare and perfect work of art may have it. One may well believe that of all poetry tragedy exhibits the most exquisite spiritual quality. And of all tragedies Hamlet, it may be, is most noble,—too noble for speech; for it leaves one, when the ultimate sweet dignity of death rests at last upon the white cold face of the Prince, able only to repeat after him his own words, "The rest is silence." And one closes the book with one's heart great with the flood of unshed tears that will never be transformed into the foolish rain of the eyes.

The function of tragedy must ever be what Aristotle called it,—the purification of the emotional nature. None of the mean and petty seven devils of little passions can make his habitation in the soul that has been swept and garnished by the power of great tragic poetry. If the religious influence of this poetry consisted only in exorcism, however, it would make such sentimentalists of men, as almost purely negative morality has a tendency to do. It must, too, enlarge one's life as well as purify it. Hamlet must give one some divine insight, whereby he can attribute

"Wholeness to th' almost-folk that hurt our hope—
Those heart-break Hamlets who so barely fail
In life or art that but a hair's more scope
Had set them fair on heights they ne'er may scale."

The mission of tragedy is thus to give one such vicarious participation in the imperfect nobilities of humanity, in its sublime capacity for enduring the wrath of the gods, that his individual consciousness shall be linked by stronger and sweeter affinities with the larger social consciousness.

As for all great poetry, then, one may repeat in slightly different terms the truth about the religious value of tragedy,—that poetry is to preserve one from a "facile orthodoxy," from any tendency to compress life into neat formulae, from any danger of too great respect for the wisdom of schools. Poetry is to be a cordial to one's heart, a light to one's eyes, music to one's ears,—even a thorn in one's flesh, or a bitter wind to dispel one's drowsiness,—any influence, in truth, which will produce that spiritual hyperaesthesia without which one can maintain no ecstasy in life.

Spiritual Dangers of the Minister

By H. D. C. MacLachlan

I. DESPONDENCY.

Every calling has its peculiar spiritual dangers and, contrary to popular opinion, the ministry of the gospel is not exempt. If by the nature of his calling the minister is removed from many of the temptations that beset other people, there are others just as real and terrible against which he has to be on his guard. Perhaps they are more terrible, because directed against the very foundation of his spiritual life. Down in the valley there are the ague and the fever, but up in the mountain top there are the sudden avalanche and crevasse and the awful plunge over the precipice.

One of the chinks in the minister's armor is his peculiar liability to fits of depression. Temperament apart, the man who labors with and for souls is sure sooner or later, more or less often, to pass through this furnace. It is part of the entail of his calling. The more in earnest he is in his work, the more terrible is the experience, and happy is he who emerges without the smell of the fire on his garments.

Here is a cry from the depths, taken at random from one of our religious journals: "I am discouraged with preaching. I do not seem to be accomplishing anything. Many times have I wished that I was at something else. I guess that the only reason I am preaching is that nothing else seems to offer. Am I a hireling? What am I to do?"

Now, if that were a description of the man's real attitude towards

the ministry, he would doubtless be a hireling. It is almost certain however, that it is not a true description. He is a spiritually sick man. He is honest enough; but he is losing his spiritual nerve. He is undergoing the temptation that came to Elijah in the mount, and that quelled for a moment even the strong spirit of Moses, the temptation of "Is it worth while?" and of "What's the use?"

This temptation has a double basis. To begin with, it is a puestion of nerves. From the days of Moses the prophet has always been overworked. That cannot be helped: it belongs to the calling. A minister's work is never done. Even when it seems to be, there are always fresh tears to be dried, new burdens to be lifted, other sheep to be tended; so that each new day for the true minister of the gospel of succour always carries with it the arrears of that which has gone before. Moreover his calling brings him in contact day in and day out with the seamy side of life. Sin, sorrow, death—and worse—are the things above all others he must know intimately. He comes home day after day from his pastoral rounds, sick with his people's sicknesses, both temporal and spiritual, and crucified with their sins. No wonder that his brain is sometimes fagged! No wonder that, watch as he may, the seeds of discouragement sometimes bear their bitter fruit in his soul!

But the spiritual ground of this temptation is even more im-

portant. It is lack of faith. Above all others the minister must walk by faith. He seldom sees the real results of his labors, for the things of the spirit have no reliable statistics. The deepest and most lasting fruits of a ministry are always the least visible. The minister can count "accessions," but he cannot always trace the finger of God as it writes itself on human hearts; he can hear words of praise or blame about his sermons, but the people he has really helped are those who are likely to leave the church with thoughts that cannot be uttered. What is the result? Too often the failure of his faith. Because he does not see, like Thomas, he will not believe. He will not even recognize the nailprints, but mistakes them for marks of failure instead of victory. Thus he sinks under a burden of his own creating, and complains that he is a failure when Omnipotence itself has assumed the responsibility for every honest, prayerful hour of his ministry.

We have high authority for calling this morbid state of mind a "spiritual danger." It was a well recognized and defined sin in the church as early as the fifth century and went by the name of "acedia." It finds its place in the books of penance. There was much discussion as to whether it was a deadly sin, which Thomas Aquinas settles in the affirmative on true scholastic grounds. Dante speaks of it in his "Inferno," and Chaucer in the "Persones Tale" calls it "that roten sin." Here is one description of it which has a peculiarly modern ring: "When the poor fellow is beset with it, it makes him detest the place where he is, and loathe his cell; and he has a poor and scornful opinion of his brethren, near and far, and thinks that they are neglectful and unspiritual. It makes him sluggish and inert for every task; he cannot sit still nor give his mind to reading; he thinks despondently how little progress he has made where he is, how little good he gains or does."

He dwells much on the excellence of other and distant monasteries;

he thinks how profitable and healthy life is there; how delightful the brethren are and how spiritually they talk" and much else of the same nature.

The experience of Mazzini, the Italian patriot, who for a while fell a victim to this enemy of the soul, is instructive and shows us in what direction we should turn for the renewal of our faith in God and man. Reviewing his experience when he at the time realized that his devotion to the cause of his country was costing him all that he valued most in life, and sending him out into the wilderness alone, he writes: "When I felt that I was indeed alone, I drew back in terror at the void before me. There in that moral desert doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong and the world right?..... One morning I awoke to find my mind tranquil and my spirit calmed, as one who passed through a great danger. The first thought that passed through my spirit was, 'Your sufferings are the temptation of egotism and arise from a misconception of life'..... Life is a mission, duty therefore its highest law. From the idea of God I descended to faith in a mission and its logical consequence—duty the supreme rule of life; and having reached that faith, I swore to myself that nothing in this world should again make me doubt or forsake it. It was, as Dante says, passing through martyrdom to peace—a forced and desperate peace.' I do not deny, for I fraternized with sorrow and wrapped myself in it as in a mantle; but yet it was peace for I learned to suffer without rebellion and to live calmly and in harmony with my own spirit..... Whether the sun shine with the serene splendor of an Italian moon, or the leaden corpse-like hue of the northern mists be above us, I cannot see that it changes our duty. God dwells above the earthly heaven and the holy stars of faith and the future still shine within our souls, even though their light consume itself unreflected as the sepulchral lamp."

The Gospel of the Helping Hand

By Charles Reign Scoville

THE LAST HALF OF DR. SCOVILLE'S ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE NEW ORLEANS CONVENTION.

I came to this platform directly from a city where last year the Masonic Lodge took a class of 500 men into the Scottish Rights degree at one time, and each of these men paid \$135.00 for the privilege of taking this step, or a grand total of \$67,500. By what means did the Lodge induce these men to lay down this amount of money? What argument did they use to induce them to take this step? There is but one answer. The lodge sees to it that while a man is going through the pearly gates his wife is not going to the poor house, nor his children to the county home. It is this and not the compass and the square, the plumb line, or the hour glass, that wins the hearts of men. Conducting the stately ceremonies and holding social gatherings thus binding the ties of brotherhood—these the Lodge "have done," but they have not "left the other undone."

The Salvation Army has gone right down through the misery, wretchedness and poverty of this old sin-cursed earth, and have made a bright path across our globe like the Milky Way across the sky. They have undoubtedly won as many stars for their crowns, and how? Not by pleading for a shivering girl to come to prayer meeting or to preaching, but by putting an old shawl around her shivering shoulders—thus by opening up a home here they have opened up the way of hope of the Eternal Habitation. Though the poorest and most illiterate of all religious peoples, they have through this door, gained an entrance into the heart of humanity, and into the good graces of the whole religious world.

As a people, we have stood by and watched the Catholics and Adventists and Lodges, with their hospitals and orphanages, gather the purest and most helpless, the aged and the little ones in, and all the time our Master has been saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." By an unexplainable indifference, or by a sinful, criminal carelessness, like the disciples of old, we have "withstood Him." Let the Bride of the Lamb come before the world with the motherly care of the children of God and all the ends of the earth, with lifted hats and bowed heads, will pray in concert, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in 'us,' as it is in Heaven." It is the callous in the hand and not the crown on the head that will make the world stop, look and listen.

A blessed mother was rocking a baby girl to sleep one night when the little one said, "I love your eyes, mamma, I love your cheeks, I love your chin, and I love your lips, for they are beautiful. But I do not love your hands, for they have such big, ugly scars." Silent tears came into the mother's eyes, and she quietly told the little one a story of how a bride of two summers once came into a room and discovered a cradle all in flames. Tucked away in the folds of that blazing cradle was an infant baby girl, and the mother vividly described how the mother nearly lost her hands and arms in rescuing the child. The little girl was silent but a moment; then she said, "I love your eyes, mamma, I love your

cheeks, I love your chin, and I love your lips, but I love your hands the best of all," and the little one kissed the scarred hands again and again. The world is looking for the nail prints. Let us prove by our hands that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him. This sort of Christian evidence must not be left "undone."

Too much cannot be said of Church Extension. A chirping brood of chicks at sundown, when the coop has been removed, is not to be compared to a homeless congregation, a flock without a fold. He who revealed in such minute detail the construction of the Tabernacle, and the building of the Temple, and who, himself, is the architect of the "House not made with hands," would certainly not have his children, or his church, without a home. The advantages of the best possible location and the right kind of a building at the opportune time for our plea and people are beyond all that figures can describe, or ideas conceive of. But our very victories along every line will only the more humiliate us if we fail to care for our helpless and weak. It would certainly please Him who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." If our Benevolent Association could go from this New Orleans Convention with sufficient funds to say to our aged and infants everywhere, our Orphanages and Homes are "many mansions" and we go to prepare a room for you. Let such goodness and mercy follow the dear old people and the children all the days of our lives, and the whole world will want to dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Our brotherhood without our Benevolent Association would be like an army without a Red Cross hospital system. The very memories of victories like those of Admiral Dewey or Admiral Togo, or any other officer on land or sea, would cause a blush of shame to come to our faces if there had been no provision made for the sick and afflicted, and no pension provided to care for the orphans and widows of the soldiers. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Fighting the battles in the name of the Lord of Hosts and winning the victories for Him—"These ought ye to have done," but caring for the orphans and widows of the soldiers of the cross "ye ought not to have left undone."

When Field Marshall Oyama learned that many hundred pounds were to be expended in a jollification in commemoration of the great victories won by himself and his troops, he cabled the Japanese government not to waste these funds in such fireworks but to save them for the orphans and the widows of his soldiers. Some of the government's officials seriously objected to this, saying that Oyama got these ideas from his Christian wife. And they said that the Jesus Religion was to blame. Our missionary, Miss Bertha Clawson, who wrote this to me, closed her letter by saying, "if Oyama holds firmly and his desires are carried out, it will be a great compliment to the Jesus religion."

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is 'indeed' this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction," as well as to "keep oneself unspotted from the world." Hence I repeat, building churches, these things ought ye to have done, but not to have left the care of the orphan and the aged undone.

I am not unmindful of the place and power of the college. Endow Bethany! To be sure, and also endow Drake, Cotner, Hiram, Kentucky University, etc. For without these great schools short indeed would be our race from the cradle to the grave. But the world by wisdom knows not God. The college for the brain, the government for the will, but the church is for the heart. The Saviour of the world is saying, "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." The college needs the purifying, sanctifying influence of the Benevolent Association. Though her students speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not love, they will become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Though they have all knowledge, and all faith, without this sacrificial love they will become as nothing. The great Teacher Himself bade the Fishers of men to become Shepherds of sheep—"Feed my lambs." And when his disciples were clamoring as to which should be greatest in His Kingdom, he put a child in their midst. While I believe the magnificent, may I say magnanimous, marvelous work of our C. W. B. M. is second to nothing in our great brotherhood, yet I wish to give the rest of my address to this one thing—let us, too, "put a child in the midst."

We hear much of what the child owes to the aged, but the world can never pay its debt to the child. Indeed, "of such is the Kingdom." They are the dew drops of glory. They are the fairest, rarest, only relics of paradise.

They are angels of God in disguise;
They are angels of God indisguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
These truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

The world revolves around the child. He who clothes the lilies and marks the sparrow's fall, who protected Moses, and the infant Saviour in Egypt, will surely not have us neglect one of these little ones.

The fire of a Reformation may be slumbering in that "tow headed" boy. There may be a Knox, a Wesley, a Whitefield, a Campbell, a Spurgeon, or a Garfield there in embryo. You have no doubt read the "Challenge of the City," but the challenge of the church is the challenge of the children. My lecture and my book shall be written on that subject. If Emerson was right in saying that "Men are what their mother make them," and if mother stamps the coin of character and holds the key of the soul, then the greatest responsibility on earth is our responsibility to the child. An orphanage is as much better than a rescue mission as the light-house guarding crews off the rocks is better than a life line rescuing those already wrestling with the breakers, wrecked on the shoals. If in working for the future of humanity I had my choice of serving near the cradle or near the grave, I would turn to the cradle. For, as John Wanamaker says, "when you save a man you save a unit, and when you save a boy, you save a multiplication table." We all know that when we save an adult we only save a soul, but when we save a child we save a soul plus a life.

No one can measure a child's influence. None but the great teacher sent from God would have "put a child in the midst." A Pullman car was pulling out of a Western city; the berth had been prepared and many passengers had retired. A company of men were making their way from the smoking car to their berths when the foremost man found the narrow aisle blocked by a pair of tiny legs. A little child was kneeling at its mother's knee. Exchanging significant glances, all the party removed their hats and reverently bowed their heads, while a sweet, childish voice repeated with the soul of faith,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Thus "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou or-

daind strength." How often in the homes of this world has the same prayer been sweetly repeated, and how often have careless men and reckless women been drawn from the danger line by the recollection of a little one, whose future depended upon them? What a marvelous contrast between the childless mother who has adopted from the orphanage one of these jewels of Jesus, and one of the French-heeled, kangaroo-shaped, fresco-faced, frizzy-headed society sissys, who lavishes all her time and affection on a brindle pup.

While visiting the High School at Anderson, Ind., a bright faced young lady was pointed out to me by Supt. Pearcy. He afterward told me the story of a blessed old couple who took her from a Chicago orphanage and how she had brightened and purified their hearts and home. One day, however, the old gentleman said, "Mother, if anything should happen to you, I could not bring up this sweet little child and I believe you had better take her back." After many prayers and many tears, both decided it was best to take her back to the Orphanage. Many little clothes were made and everything prepared for the journey back to the city on the morrow. As the old people were retiring near the midnight hour that night they noticed the door leading to the little child's chamber slightly ajar. The old lady said, "Let us go in and look at the little angel once more, as she is sleeping in our home." As they did so the door squeaked and awakened the child. Lifting up her little arms she said, "Sing to me, mamma, sing to me." And the old lady said, "What shall I sing, dearie?" And the baby voice answered, as she lifted up her little arms, "Sing, 'I Need Thee Every Hour.'" The journey back to the orphanage was called off right there. Strong arms lifted the baby from the cradle, and warm tears fell upon the little night dress. They kept the child, and the Lord has made their days long in the land.

"There are little ones glancing about in my path,
In want of a friend and a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried.
But Jesus may beckon the children away,
In the midst of the grief and their glee,
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?"

Edward Kimball never dreamed of the everlasting influence his efforts would have for the King and the Kingdom, when he hunted up a fat, uneducated Sunday-school boy, and thus gave Dwight L. Moody to the Christian world. That unknown woman who picked up a little boy on the banks of the Tyne, and took Robert Morrison to Sunday-school, never dreamed that he would translate the Bible for one hundred millions of the Chinese people. A little girl in the great northwest took her father with her to Sunday-school and that father to date has been the means of establishing eleven hundred and eighty Sunday-schools. I am very thankful that our Benevolent Association is not only teaching us the care of the aged, which thing we ought to have done, but is also leading us in that other great work, the care of the children, which work must under no circumstances be left undone.

He whose first pillow was a pillow of straw, and whose last pillow was a pillow of thorns, whose first companions were the oxen of the stall and whose last companions were the thieves on the cross, who was born in another man's manger, and buried in another man's grave, who made his triumphant entry into this world through a barn door, whose only pulpit was the hillside, the back end of Simon's boat, or a well curb, who said "foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not a place to lay his head, who came unto his own and his own received him not"—this Savior, this Jesus, this King, this Son of Man, this Son of God, taught us that if we would go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, that if we would win the hearts of America, that if we would endow the colleges, and win all men to the cross, that we must remember that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world. And all will be transferred to his own account, both here and hereafter. "For whatsoever ye have done for one of the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

Chicago, Ill.

My Venture in Psycho-Therapy

By Allen Chesterfield

We have acquired the habit in our family of discussing at the table timely topics. It is not always easy to bring certain subjects down to the level of childish comprehension; but my theory is that if parents occasionally think about the things that interest children, and children think about the things that interest parents, the "organic life of the home," as Dr. Dike would call it, is thereby the gainer. So within a few months, with Mrs. Chesterfield's help, I have sought to explain to Daughter, aged nine, and Son-of-my-love,

aged seven, the difference between a Baptist and a Congregationalist, a Republican and a Democrat, a Socialist and an Individualist. The explanations might not pass muster at Harvard University, but they do fairly well for home consumption.

In the course of our pursuit of current themes, we happened upon the Emmanuel Movement. It seemed to me to afford many points of contact with childish minds, and so it proved. Both Daughter and Son-of-my-love were especially delighted about what I told

them of Dr. Worcester curing his own boy of a desire to attend moving picture shows and about Dr. McElveen's curing an Evanston baby of the naughty, but by no means uncommon, habit of sucking his thumb. Both children vociferated unanimously, "Tell some more, Papa." But instead of recounting the further triumphs of psychotherapy I intimated that it might be a good plan for me to talk to them just as they were going to sleep, in the hope of overcoming certain little traits that had not yet yielded to solemn daylight admonitions. But this phase of the subject touched no responsive chord. Indeed, it threw such a chill over the group around the table that I immediately began to discuss the government's prosecution of the Standard Oil monopoly.

A week or two later, on returning home one evening, I found Daughter obsessed with the idea that a little friend next door had ceased to care for her. "Oh, you know that's all nonsense," I said, as I kissed her good night. "Dorothy likes you just as well as she ever did, and you mustn't let any other thought stay in your mind an instant. Go right to sleep, now, like a good girl." Going downstairs it occurred to me that now was the time of all times to work the Emmanuel methods; and, because Daughter is somewhat more plastic in disposition than Son-of-my-love, I considered her a comparatively easy subject. So, without confiding my intention to Mrs. Chesterfield, who, I regret to say, has been all along skeptical of my powers in this line, I slipped upstairs into the darkened room and took my seat quietly by Daughter's bedside.

Apparently she was in the first blissful experience of healthy sleep. So, nerving myself by thinking of Worcester, McElveen, Powell, Sir Oliver Lodge and a few other famous psychists, I settled down to my task. Assuming my most funereal tone, I said: "I do like Dorothy. Dorothy likes me." It sounded so good that I immediately repeated it: "I do like Dorothy. Dorothy likes me." I had just started in on a third trip when Daughter

turned over, opened her large eyes and surveyed me somewhat inquisitively, but without breaking silence. I stayed not on the order of my going, but fled at once and resumed my seat in the study, without so much as incurring the slightest suspicion on the part of Mrs. Chesterfield as to where I had been and what I had been doing. She was, I think, absorbed in the columns of the *Missionary Herald*, or some other popular monthly. Somehow I did not feel like discussing the matter with her, for I felt I had plunged into the game just a little too early, when it would have been wise to have waited for Morpheus to have got in more work.

The next morning I expected Daughter to inquire what I was doing in her room about 8:30 the previous evening; but she held her peace and I thought the entire matter had blown over until a few days later, at my office, I received this letter:

Dear Papa:

Midnight dream! I like Dorothy She likes me! I like Dorothy She likes me! What I woke up one night and heard. turned over and saw a man.

good bye from

Elizabeth Chesterfield.

Your night talking just works on boys, know use on girls, be shure, dont try it agin on girls, because it dosn't work.

The letter inclosed three slips of paper, on two of which were written these words, "I like Dorothy, she likes me"; while on the third appears this, "I like Dorothy little bit, she doesn't like me."

I am now meditating upon adding another to the number of books dealing with psycho-therapy in its various phases. I shall entitle it "Night Talking, Its Possibilities and Its Necessary Limitations." But I meet with no further encouragement from members of my family toward the practice of the art. Indeed, Dorothy has already made me promise that I will never talk to her again after she goes to sleep, unless I notify her in advance, and when I try to change her mind, all she says is, "Papa, you go and talk to Dorothy; she's the one you ought to talk to."—The Congregationalist.

NOW IS THE NICK O' TIME

Now is the time for the friends of the Christian Century and the cause which it represents to aid in building up our subscription list.

The controversy concerning the Centennial Program and the attack on our Missionary Societies having come to an end, as we now hope, our purpose will be to produce a paper that will be an assistant pastor to every preacher into whose congregation it goes.

We mean to make our pages constructive and inspirational. We shall not fear to lead our readers into new truth as God gives us to see the truth, but our treatment will be irenic, not controversial.

We aspire to be a layman's paper—as well as a preacher's paper. Our pages will discuss life's big problems in which all earnest men and women are interested. We shall have constantly before us the purpose of building up the spiritual life of our readers—in intelligence, in breadth of vision, in zeal. Every member of the Christian Century family should be a better worker in the church and a better citizen of his community as a result of his habitual reading of our pages.

Therefore we are making this direct request of our friends to enlist other readers. We wish to more than double our circulation in this Centennial year. This could easily be done if the enthusiasm conveyed to us in recent letters were directed toward practical effort. Some have already begun this good work. One prominent pastor writes that he has been waiting only until the controversy should be over to make a personal canvass himself in our behalf. Another pastor asks for sample copies to be sent at once to the address of a bright young man whom he has appointed to solicit every family of his church. Yet another assures us that it is his purpose to present the matter from the pulpit next Sunday morning and take subscriptions, then and there.

Without any systematic effort our circulation has increased nearly fifteen per cent in less than two months. With the active support of our loyal friends, the next three months should set us a long way toward our Centennial aim.

We will pay a cash commission to agents who will send us ten or more subscriptions. Write us for terms.

A BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS TIME.

Arthur William Amass.

When summer is sultry with dust and the heat
And breezes are blowing without the cool rain,
When brooklets are dry as the parching old street
There's place for our children to think of the pain;
But when on the meadows the snow-drifts have lain
And squirrels are seen up the saplings to climb
And nibble the kernels and there to remain,
Then hey!—for the merry glad Christmas time!

When maidens are saucy and never are sweet,
And lads let the problems defy their dull brain,
And teachers are strict and inclining to beat,
There's place for our children to think of the pain;
But when in the morning the girls are so vain,
And laddies are laughing and singing a rhyme,
And teachers are sunny as sunny old Spain,
Then hey!—for the merry glad Christmas time!

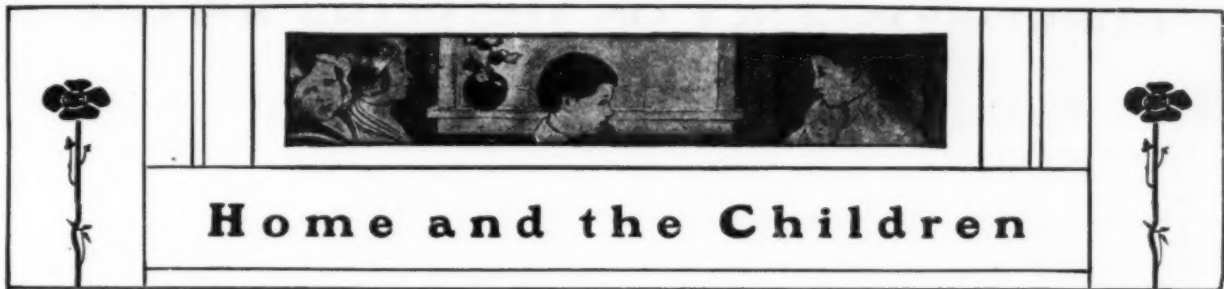
When father is striving against his defeat
And mother is working and helping the twain,
When grandma is weary and can't even eat
There's place for our children to think of the pain;
But when in the winter we count it a gain
To sit by the fire at the evening's prime
With mistletoe hanging adjacent the crane,
Then hey!—for the merry glad Christmas time!

Read carefully our great premium offer in the advertising pages. Now is certainly the time to subscribe to the Christian Century. The books offered are in some cases worth the price paid for both paper and book. Besides, you can depend on it the Christian Century will be the most interesting paper published in our brotherhood during this our Centennial year.

YOUR OWN PAPER FREE

FOR A LITTLE WORK.

Any minister (who is not in arrears to us) can have his subscription date set ahead one year by sending us 2 New Yearly Subscriptions with \$3.00. This applies to ministers who are not now subscribers as well as to those who are.



OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

By Mabel Osgood Wright.

In Good Housekeeping Magazine.

It is a gray day, more snow is coming. Shouts arise under the window, a soft snow-ball flattens against the pane, while a call comes, "Mother, Mother, please look out!" You hurriedly raise the sash to see the children standing near the dog kennel with Roy, the collie, close beside them. All three are looking intently at a small object on the ground not far distant, while Roy wags his tail with great cordiality.

Seeing you, Marjorie tiptoes cautiously under the window saying, "Please come out; it's a teeny, weeny little bird with a white face and black hair and it's talking away like anything, and picking Roy's dinner bone; he don't care a bit, but just laughs and wags. The bird isn't one bit like the street sparrows in town; do you think he's come out of a cage and lost his way? 'Cause, if he has, we'd better help him, Mother."

You cannot see very distinctly, but you are thoroughly interested; so, getting a hat and wrap, you go down to the strip of garden that separates your home from the vacant lot upon the corner, where some gnarled apple trees and a tangle of old shrubs and briars about a ruined cellar tell the tale of a vanished farm. By this time, the bird has left the bone from which he was picking almost invisible shreds of meat, and is hanging upside down on the frozen twig of a lilac bush that overhangs the kennel. As you come near, with a rapid motion, half spring, half flip of wings, he gains a higher twig and calls, "Chickadee-chickadee-dee-dee" in your face. The cheerful call and his strikingly marked plumage of black, white and gray, bring back in a hazy sort of way a magazine article upon some winter birds to be seen in city parks. You had not paid much attention to it, because you seldom went to the park—never in winter; and so, when Marjorie begs to know the little bird's name, you answer, somewhat dubiously, that it is called a chickadee, and that it isn't an escaped cage bird that has lost its way, but probably has a home somewhere about.

Instantly a shower of bewildering questions from Marjorie, Brother and a little friend falls about you. "Where is the bird's home?"

"Is it a nest, or in a box?"

"Why doesn't it freeze at night, or the snow smother it?"

"Has it any children?"

"What would it find to eat if Roy had not left some meat on the bone?"

While you are recovering yourself, half a dozen more chickadees join the first and together they whirl over toward the old apple trees in the corner field, more like wind-blown leaves than little bits of live flesh with very warm blood in their veins, and warm air in the hollows of their fragile bones to help them fly.

"Do come with us to watch them, Mother;

I'll make a hole in the fence for you," added Brother, gallantly removing a loose rail and inviting you by example to squeeze through.

Before you know it, you are wading and stumbling through the uneven snow of the fields, where the white surface is unbroken except by the sturdy brown stalks of weeds and grasses that hold aloft their seeds for the wind to scatter. On ahead you see more birds, not only chickadees, but several others, in soft shades of gray or black and white, that you do not in any way recognize. Not only is your curiosity awakened, but you feel a certain exhilaration born of the keen air and the presence of the winged life in an outdoors that you, perhaps, had thought not only lifeless but sullen.

The chickadees light on the ends of the old apple twigs, where they scan every joint and crevice for the dormant insects and larvae on which they feed. There is something moving up and down the trunk of the tree. For a moment you think it a large gray mouse, then see that it is a bird, somewhat larger than the chickadee, with much black on the top of its head, white cheeks and breast, a blue-gray back, and black and white wing markings. At the moment that you notice its tail is very short while its beak is long and strong, it calls, "Quank-quank" loudly and disappears around the tree, while following almost in its wake comes still another bird with a curiously mottled and striped black and white back and a brilliant scarlet band across the nape of the neck. This proceeds up the trunk with a sidewise motion, its body keeping close at the tail, by which it seemed to brace itself, while it throws back its head and hammers away at the bark with no little force.

"What is that one?" whispers Brother, tugging at your arm. "There's another one just like it a little farther up, only it hasn't any red tie."

Then you confess that you do not know, but wish you did. Meanwhile, somebody in fluttering petticoats going along the main road, mounts the rail fence, waves a scarf in the air, and dropping easily over, comes toward you with firm, elastic tread. You see that it is Beatrix Price, a bright young college woman, who sacrificed what is called a brilliant career to come back and teach in her native town, in order to be with and cheer her invalid mother. Brother is one of her pupils, and fairly adores her.

"What is Mrs. Hale doing in this field without overshoes, and a snowstorm only the other side of the river woods?" she asks, making you realize, not only that you had come out in house shoes, but the truth of what Brother once said, that Miss Trix saw everything all at once.

You point toward the old tree and confide in her your total inability to answer the children's questions.

"Oh, so you've discovered the jolly little birds, or did they discover you? Chickadees, a white-breasted nuthatch with the short tail, a pair of downy woodpeckers, the male

with a red neckband," and, craning her neck a bit, "some slate-colored juncos feeding on the grass seeds down yonder with—I can't quite identify the others; do you happen to have a pair of opera glasses at the house, Mrs. Hale? May I go up and get them?"

Brother proffers his services. When he returns, Miss Beatrix seizes the case, and quickly adjusting the glasses, which, with collegiate enthusiasm blended with precision, she pronounces "fine binoculars, with a jointed bridge that will fit any nose," gazes steadily down the slope where some brown leaves are apparently being blown about among the weeds.

"Yes, they are snowflakes, or snow buntings," she says presently; "a sure sign of a coming storm that has driven them from their summer home farther north; see in what exquisite shades of leaf browns and white they are feathered."

You take the glasses almost eagerly and look in silence for several minutes, as through them the neglected corner field becomes transformed and is drawn close to you like a picture that is suddenly illuminated. Every stalk of grass and weed stands out against snow that is a mass of brilliant crystals. The birds huddled in a hollow, are industriously gleaning from some low weeds; a little larger than the English sparrow, of which they are cousins; they have the compact build of the family, and wear their winter plumage of rusty brown streaked with black; the whitish wings and tail are edged with soft brown and the underparts are white. In summer, in its nesting haunts in the far north, where this little bird builds its nests of roots, grass and mosses in a ground hollow, even well up into the Arctic region, the snowflake wears a brave coat of clear black and white. After the nesting season, he moults his nest-worn feathers and leaves his cold home to become a rover until the dawn of spring, traveling about in search of seeds that are buried under the snow, and keeping ahead of blinding storms. He makes visits as far south as Georgia and Kansas and it is during these trips that we see them.

A junco slips into your field of vision. You have in the last few minutes become accustomed to focusing the glass on distant objects, and instantly, from the blurred gray mass that seemed only a shadow on the snow, the bird stands out, clear slate-gray above, white below, the bill flesh color, a quite unusual hue; while, as he flirts his tail, you notice that the two outer feathers are pure white.

(Concluded next week.)

FROZEN OUT.

By J. J. O'Connell.

The reindeer balk and snort and rear
(A way they hadn't ought to).

They see they'll have no fun this year,
For Santa's got an auto.

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

By George A. Campbell

Vitalizing Our Beliefs

The Correspondent:—

"It is with grief that I hear that you are disparaging portions of the Bible, such as the Book of Jonah, minimizing Baptism, doubting the resurrection and contending that we are a denomination. It grieves me especially as you are an old friend and as you once knew the truth."

Soon I hope to be done with apology; and give attention to the really religious life; but while there is misunderstanding, perhaps there had best be explanation. Our times are sensitive, our Christianity is beyond price. Therefore its adherents guard it well, sometimes cruelly guard it. By some, any change is regarded as an attack. The defenders of the faith have occupied an honored place in the role of saints. Their work will never be done. But sometimes they have condemned real believers and real defenders. This is the danger in our day. In eagerness to defend, some defame. To me, there seems today an outbreathing of God to vitalize his church. It is a terrific blunder to mistake the efforts to vitalize truth as an attack on truth. The devil needs to be awakened. The anaemic needs richer blood. The forms need to be filled with spiritual content. God has been placed at too great a distance; He must be brought near to our struggles and sorrows. Orthodoxy ever tends to become unbelieving. It encases God. It binds fetters about the soul. Its head is Christian, but its heart is chilled. The fundamental truths of Christianity do not change. It is not new facts we seek, but new and vital appropriation of the old.

It is the way of faith I seek. I plead for a deeper, mightier and a vastly more vital and transforming faith. My axe is not laid at the root of Christianity. I would nourish, water and cultivate that unique and transcendent tree. Its fruit is my only food. But I would cut down the barren tree of indifferentism, self-righteous satisfaction, and useless and cold formalism.

But I hasten to the separate charges:—

The Book of Jonah.

This book, if God's will be done, must be recovered from the carping superciliousness of professed Christian people. We have made a "Punch" or "Life" out of this divinely inspired book. It is the butt of our crude and rude jokes. What preacher, be he conservative or liberal, has not got some laughter-provoking stories about this sacred book. We are in fair way to be damned today by our irreverence under which the Book of Jonah has been buried. One can not mention this book without causing a smile. Let us be done, for awhile at least, with our jibes about the whale and seriously give ourselves to its mighty message. Its message is eternal. It is beyond dispute. God commands, man refuses—disaster follows. Man repents and stupendous results occur. This is the message for all time. In different form it is enacted every day. It is a drama of heaven and earth and hell. God talks with Jonah. He is a present, pursuing God. He will have his way. All nature, the water, and fish, and sun, are His agents to punish the rebellious. It is terrible to fall in the hands of an angry God. Our age needs that lesson. God is not a complacent Grandfather. He is terrifically exacting. But His chastenings are but the wrath of mercy and love. The conversion of Nineveh was a stupendous miracle wrought in the souls of its vast citizenship. Greater works than we have yet done surely await our seriousness and our deeper repentance. I plead for a revitalization of the Book of Jonah.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Minimizing Baptism.

Here again there is grave danger of vulgarizing the sacred by profane babblings. Form and ceremony are essentials of life, but they should never be mere form or ceremony. They need about them the breath of the spirit and the glow of sacred fire. The lover's ring is not gold, it is passion, romance, home and purifying love. It is a symbol of the divine. Baptism is not submerging in water merely. It is a trust with Christ. It is the acceptance of Him; it is hearty open confession of allegiance to Him as Master and Lord. The hour of Baptism ought to throb with meaning, such meaning as creates a mountain top experience in the life.

Rather than minimize baptism I would exalt it and guard it and make it as tremendously vital to the soul as I could. I would be glad if it could be lifted out of the realm of sectarian discussions. I would guard against an unbaptized membership. Our churches are filled with the unbaptized. There has been no troth to the Savior. There is subsequently no loyalty. There is no faithfulness in church attendance, no passion or abandon for Christ. We

profane baptism when we baptize multitudes who glibly say "I believe with my whole heart." We jeopardize the integrity of our cause with those who have so easily confessed to believe "with their whole heart;" and yet who refuse to give a penny, an hour, or a tear, to their masterful Savior. Baptism is beautiful and meaningful in its New Testament sense.

It symbolizes a burial to the old fleshly and worldly self. It marks the end of listlessness and indifference in the soul, to things spiritual. It is a glorious resurrection to Christ and the cause of God. It is a commitment to all that is holy, righteous, brotherly. I would teach its significance. I would guard it from prostitution. I would put Christ in it: I would not obscure Him in it. I would exalt it by exalting Him in it.

I would vitalize Baptism and guard it.

The Resurrection.

I have loved and lost. I know the anguish of death. Oft have I seen the worker stopped at the beginning of his task by the hand of Death; oft have I witnessed the grewsome stride of this silent one into the home of Love. Hundreds of times have I stood before the open grave. My life is given to console and comfort. And all sorrow clusters about the grave. The wind sighs through the trees but whispers no cheer. The flowers but mock in their beauty. The stars are coldly indifferent. Men guess and fear. The cold sweat stands out on the forehead that throbs to know. God has set eternity in our heart. We are keyed not to earth, but to heaven. We are not to be measured by our grovelings, but by the far outreaching of our imagination. All material surroundings have even failed to quench man's immortal hope. But it is in Christ who was dead and is alive for ever more, that we come to a victorious faith. He arose victor over death and hell. It was not possible for the grave to hold Him. He was and is the Lord of Life. Christianity without the resurrection is unexplained.

I not only rest in the belief of this resurrection, but I would know the "power of His resurrection." It is not brain-belief we need today so much as life-power. I crave the power to endure, to sacrifice, to unflinchingly trust, to love my enemies, to be comforted when sorrow overwhelms, and to unflinchingly follow where my Master leads, though the way be thorny and hard. Let us one and all pray for the "power of the resurrection."

Thus would I seek to vitalize the resurrection of our Lord.

Are We a Denomination?

Some years ago I answered this scientifically and prosaically. I now wish to answer it picturesquely.

A woman is bereft of her drunken husband. For years she has toiled as best she could. Now she is paralysed. A church of Christ lovingly goes to her succor. They minister to her physical needs. They sing and pray with her until a new hope and new love are born with her saddened soul—a Christian hope and a Christian love.

Who raises the question whether the church is a part of a denomination or not? Not the generous people—they have too important business. Not the woman—she knows them simply as Christ's men and women. Not the Savior—He sees only the giver and the receiver. Perhaps the devil. He is obstructionist enough to do it; and mean enough.

Again there are the benighted slums of a great city. In these slums are the tragedies of a universe. Heaven and hell are waging their intensest warfare just here, and hell seems to be more than holding its own. Souls by the hundreds are being ground to rubbish and filthy waste by the mills of death. Love is dishonored, God is blasphemed, the bodies are defiled, souls have blotted from them their divine image.

Just outside this Babylon of sin stands a great body of righteous men and women quarreling as to whether they are a denomination or not. And the decades come and go; but the righteous are not yet ready for the mission of redemption.

Tragedy of tragedies! sins of sins! The great Lord will not hold us guiltless. The blood of these moral outcasts will be upon us. The harlots will enter the kingdom while we pharisees will wonderingly wait without. Sincerity is not enough for this hour of little, mean, trivialities; judgment and clearness of vision are needed. First things must be put first.

The best apologetic for Christianity is whole-hearted service for Christ's men. When the critic shall have finished his work souls will still be perishing; when the scientist shall have pushed back the mystery of life as far as he can, hearts will be still hungry for the touch of love. I plead for a prayerful, earnest, studious, determined effort to vitalize all our beliefs and all the forms and ceremonies of our church so that new power, the power of God's Spirit, may course through them, refreshing everywhere the souls of weary-hearted men.

Austin Station, Chicago.

DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN UNION

By Dr. Errett Gates

Moral vs. Legal Evidence

His "New Analogy," that of God as our Father and we as his children is one that I have used much and have heard used much by other ministers. But, as I understand it, the sense in which this analogy is usually applied, is that of adoption. Christ is God's Son by nature, we by adoption. It therefore requires a process of adoption. Men have sinned against God and lost their inheritance. They must come home as did the wayward son and find forgiveness before they can be reinstated as heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Certainly the sinner is lost, and more certainly there is some process by which he is saved, and some legal evidence by which he may be assured of his salvation.

Yours Resp'y,

Davenport, Ia.

S. M. Perkins.

The above quotation is the last paragraph of a letter the first part of which was commented on in last week's Century.

There is not room here to discuss the metaphysical question involved in the sentence: "Christ is God's son by nature, we by adoption." I simply call attention to the basis of common nature which underlies even legal adoption. No man ever adopted one of the lower animals as a son. Adoption always presupposes the possession of human nature on the part of the one adopted. There is a kinship of nature between God and man which is the ground of all spiritual relationship between them. The divine possibilities of the human are affirmed by Jesus when he said: "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." It must be that there is something of the divine in the human which makes possible an adoption of man by God. It is not the thought of Jesus that the difference between him and men, and their relation to God lies in the doctrine that "Christ is a son by nature, we by adoption." If the parable of the "Prodigal Son" represents the relation between God and men, that relationship is certainly not of legal adoption.

The whole issue between legalism and spiritual religion is involved in the last sentence: "Most certainly there is some process by which he is saved and some legal evidence by which he may be assured of his salvation."

Jesus' Teaching.

Why assume that the "process by which he is saved" is a legal process? Could it not be a moral process? In fact that is just what Jesus teaches that it is. Salvation is an inner process, and its consummation is a new spiritual condition. In a single word, according to the teaching of Jesus, salvation is righteousness. I called attention in last week's issue to the pure inwardness of Jesus' righteousness. But we are not so much interested in this discussion in the process of salvation, as the evidences of it. This is the point of issue in this whole matter of legalism. It is the evidence, the signs of sonship to God.

It would ordinarily be the most conclusive proof of sonship if the child looked like the father. But just here is where the human analogy cannot be followed in divine things. Man is not the child of God in the same way that he is the child of his human father. In spiritual things likeness to God is sonship. A boy may look like one man and really be the child of another. He may look or be less like his father than like any other man, but still he is a son, regardless of what he is or how he looks. His father may be good, he may be bad; his father may be handsome, he may be ugly; his father may be learned, he may be ignorant; yet he is a legal son and bears his father's name, lives under his roof, and will inherit his property.

Likeness is Sonship.

Likeness has nothing to do with legal human sonship; it has everything to do with spiritual sonship. A child cannot help being a child of its father; man makes himself a child of God or the devil by his own conduct. He can change fathers. From being a child of God, he can become a child of the devil; from being a child of the devil, he can become a child of God. It all depends upon what a man is, or what he makes himself. Not law or ceremony, but nature, what a man is in his inner moral being, makes him a child of one or the other. It depends upon which one he is more like—God or the devil.

In the Gospel of John, chap. 8:31-59, is the record of a discussion Jesus had with the Jews upon this very subject, the nature and proofs of fatherhood and sonship. The Jews said: "We are the children of Abraham, and that physical relation to him insures us spiritual privileges and blessings." Jesus replied: "You are not the children of Abraham (in the spiritual sense). If ye were Abraham's children ye would do the works of Abraham. But now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which

I heard from God; this did not Abraham. Ye do the works of your father. Ye are of your father the devil."

Jesus' principle of sonship is: A man is the child of the one he is like. A man's likeness is shown by the conduct and spirit of his life. In the case of the Jews, they showed who they were like by their attitude toward Jesus and his teaching. "If I say truth, why do ye not believe me? He that is of God heareth the words of God: for this cause ye hear them not because ye are not of God." In other words, there must be truth within, before there can be recognition of the truth without; there must be God within before there can be response to the God without; there must be the likeness of sons of God in the nature of man before there can be evidences of sonship in the life without. Like seeks like: like responds to like.

Whose Child?

Just inner response to the teaching of Jesus—that was Jesus' test of sonship to God. What more could he ask? Legal evidence? But here is the evidence of nature, conduct, attitude toward righteousness. Just inner opposition to the teaching of Jesus—that was proof of sonship to the devil. What more was needed? Legal proof? If a man hates the good, and there is no legal evidence of his sonship, to whom must he belong? If there must be legal evidence, in addition to the moral evidence that a man is the child of God, there must also be legal evidence in addition to the moral evidence that he is the child of the devil. To whom does he belong until that legal evidence is submitted? If not to God, then not to the devil. Is there no way by which we can tell whose child he is? Let John tell us: "My little children let no man lead you astray; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous: he that doeth sin is of the devil." "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother."

Natural vs. Legal Evidence.

But the objection will be made that since the inner, spiritual nature is unseen, it can never become outward, demonstrable evidence that one is a Christian; hence some external, "legal evidence" is necessary.

Jesus met this very difficulty when he gave his disciples that principle of discrimination by which to test false prophets: "By their fruits ye shall know them." He foresaw that his disciples would be likely to be imposed upon by "wolves in sheep's clothing," men who had "the form of godliness, but denied the power thereof." They would not be able to examine the heart, the inner nature of every man who presented himself for acceptance as a prophet. What could be more convincing proofs of what a man really was in his heart than the kind of life he lived. The words, deeds, and spirit of a man's life are the outer evidences of the nature of his spirit. These are the visible "fruits" which reveal the kind of life within. They are the only evidences Jesus ever looked for.

But how appropriate such evidences are—the fruits as proofs of the kind of tree or vine. They are natural evidences, and guide the judgment unerringly. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Such a phenomenon as potatoes growing on walnut trees, or strawberries on pumpkin vines, is contrary to nature and all experience. "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit"; that is, fruit corresponding to its nature, by which its species is known. Suppose some one should demand, in addition to nature's own evidence in the fruit, some legal evidence, that a tree was a peach tree instead of an apple tree. Let such "legal evidence" be that a famous fruit grower should pass judgment upon it, or that a ceremony of "peachification" had been pronounced upon it when it was planted. Then no one could be sure what kind of a tree it was from the fruits, though they were unmistakably peaches to any little child that passed it, until the fruit grower had been heard from or the ceremony performed.

If one who believed that a ceremony was necessary to make a tree a peach tree, should be asked concerning a tree he had never seen, whether it were a peach tree, he would not ask to see the fruits, but would ask if it had been peachified by the ceremony of peachification. If so it would then be in the kingdom of peach and enjoy the status of such a tree, if not the character and fruit.

Such is the miserable juggling with reality to which the ceremonial legalist has been reduced. He cannot use his own eyes and taste for himself, as Jesus commanded him to do, to determine the species of life by the kind of fruit; but he must inquire of the history of the tree, whether it was planted legally, and according to the exact form or process the books on the cultivation of trees lay down for such trees. The fruit hanging before his eyes is not enough for him, though it was for Jesus of Nazareth. A tree is what it is, and not the process by which it was planted.

(Concluded on page 16.)



AT THE CHURCH



Sunday School Lesson

BY HERBERT L. WILLETT.

THE DISCIPLES AND THE CHRIST.

The Day of Pentecost was the birthday of the Church of Christ. It was the time when the group of believers in Jesus became for the first time conscious of itself as a living organism, with the power of permanence. It was not the beginning of the kingdom of God, except as that term is limited to the visible church. The kingdom of God is as old as man's need and God's love. The Church of Christ is the embodiment of redemptive effort in a company of those who have obtained the mind of Christ. The Kingdom of God is the reign of divine love and service in the hearts of men; it is the realization of the prayer, Thy will be done; it is the complex of redeemed souls and redemptive forces in the universe. The church is the outward expression of the Kingdom and the leadership of Christ, and is the proof and manifestation of the grace of God revealed in him; it is the living body that carries the purposes of the Kingdom to their successful issue.

Gathering of the Pilgrims.

The Day of Pentecost was a propitious time for the inauguration of the new enterprise. It was only fifty days after the Passover when Jesus suffered. All the facts of his life and death were fresh in the minds of the people. There were few of those Jews, Hellenists and Proselytes who came up to Jerusalem to attend the feast who had not heard since their arrival of the strange events which had so mightily disturbed the city seven weeks before. At that time, as today, the Jews were scattered throughout the world. From their ancient home in Palestine they had been carried forth by exile, scattered by war and persecution, or lured by the trading privileges granted to new cities by the empire. They were in all the lands, yet, as today, a separate people; a race without a nationality, a people without a land. Yet to the country once made sacred by national memories it was their custom to return as frequently as time and means permitted. As the Mohammedan of today hopes to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca, or the Catholic to Rome, so the Jews of that age coveted the opportunity of setting foot upon the holy soil, and celebrating one of the feasts at the temples. For those who lived near more frequent journeys were possible. To all, in the measure of their ability, such journeys were a duty and a prized enjoyment. At such times great caravans of pilgrims wended their way to the newly completed fane of Herod. Increasing in numbers as they neared the city, "they went from strength to strength, every one of them appearing at last before God in Zion."

The Lands of the Dispersion.

The regions represented in such a gathering of the faithful can be learned from the summary given in the text. Some were from the far east, Parthia, Media, Elam and the Mesopotamian valley, the lands between the Euphrates and the Caspian Sea. Others came from the northern stretches of Asia Minor, from Cappadocia north of the Taurus mountains; from Pontus, lying, as its name indicated, along the Black Sea; from the province of Asia which with Phrygia occupied the northwest district of the Trojan levant; and from Pamphylia, midway the northern Mediterranean coast. Then the scene changes to the south, and there are the pilgrims from Egypt, from the Cyrenean coast just north of the Lybian desert, and from the southeast region of Arabia east of the Red Sea. From far to the west came some of these worshipers, as far as from Rome; from the islands of the sea, like Crete, and from farther corners of the home-land of Judea. Such was the company of native Jews, foreign-born Jews and Jewish sympathizers, Proselytes of the gate or Proselytes of righteousness, that was gathered in Jerusalem after its custom at one of the great feasts.

The Group of Disciples.

In comparison with this great host, numbering many thousands, and swelling the usual population of the city to enormous size, how small was the company who held the faith of the Teacher from Nazareth. Their numbers seem insignificant. There were the Twelve and the Seventy, of whom we read. There was the group gathered in Jerusalem after the departure of the Lord; this circle, including the apostles, the women and various other followers of Jesus were about a hundred and twenty in all (Acts 1:15).

International Sunday-school lesson for January 10, 1909. The Descent of the Holy Spirit, Acts 2:1-21. Golden Text, "I will pray the Father and he will give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth." John 14:16, 17. Memory verses, 2-4.

Yet to the ardent faith of the first believers this seemed "a multitude of names." Then one must not forget that interview of the risen Lord with "above five hundred brethren" of which Paul speaks (1 Cor. 15:6). Yet with all these combined, the total results of Jesus' strenuous years must have seemed small. Where were the multitudes to whom he had preached and many of whom he had healed? Where were the crowds of Palm Sunday, who had hailed his entrance to Jerusalem with rapturous delight? Almost might it be said of his friends that "They all forsook him and fled." Yet there were enough for the enterprise. Gideon had twice sifted his host to find the trustworthy three hundred. Jesus narrowed his chances from the many disciples to the Seventy and then the Twelve, and even here one proved faithless. The company was sufficient if the Spirit was with them.

The Time of Waiting.

It was for this that they waited, even as the Lord had told them. They were not yet ready to go out, for their message was not matured. The events of their life with Jesus, especially the last troubled weeks, needed to be studied in the light of Old Testament hopes and of the words of the Master himself. In this meditation upon the great truths now first of all made evident, in these days of brooding and nights of prayer, they awaited the fuller version of the Kingdom and the signal that the time for action had arrived. Once only had the quiet of these days been interrupted, and that was when they felt the necessity of choosing one to fill the place of Judas. With that exception they gave their minds to the solemn duty of preparation, and "continued steadfastly in prayer." Meeting daily in that "upper chamber," perhaps one of the rooms in the temple, or a chamber in the house of Mary of Jerusalem, they awaited the moment when they should be called to witness for Jesus and the resurrection.

The Coming of the Signal.

That moment came on the Day of Pentecost. The city was in festal array. The shops and bazaars were decorated with the emblems of the feast. Great throngs surged along the streets, ready to be attracted by any brilliant display or unusual event. The disciples had gathered, as was their custom, in the room whose windows or balcony opened on the street. It was still early in the morning. They had come early to their trysting place, or perhaps had tarried all night in the deep abandon of prayer. All hearts were expectant. Through all their minds there ran the echo of Jesus' promise that they should be his witnesses, and his added words, "not many days hence." The hour for which they had waited must be near. The "all nations" of the commission were at that very moment in the city where they stayed, moving past the windows of the very room in which they met. Higher and higher rose the tide of eagerness and enthusiasm. All things were ready. The hour of which the Master had spoken must be near. And suddenly, while they waited, the signal came.

The Disciples and the Spirit.

The narrative of the Day of Pentecost is charged with an intensity of emotion which is almost electric. Luke's record of the events in the early church is usually restrained and calm. But here one feels the rush of a divine passion. There is an overwhelming emotion not only in the events but in the account. Only a few touches are given to the vivid picture. Rapidly the writer hurries from the setting of the scene to the chief figure, Peter, and to the great utterance, the First Gospel Sermon. Yet in three verses the impressive facts are set forth—the sound like the rising of a breath, which swelled till it seemed like a rushing tempest—the appearance of showers of flame dividing and falling upon them all—the sense of completion, of ecstasy, of power which filled and inspired all the company. That group—only a hundred and twenty to be sure, but enough to be the first of a mighty host—felt that the hour of destiny had struck. In the sounds and sights of that moment, in the mighty rush of conviction like an engulfing wave, in the exaltation of faculties which gave them clearer vision and nobler courage, they recognized the coming of the Spirit, which the Savior had promised.

The Holy Spirit.

It was the Spirit of God, the quickening and urgent power by which prophets had been impelled and guided and steadied. It was the breath of God upon their souls, cleansing their hearts as by flames, and fanning into sustained warmth their passion of love for the Lord. It was the Spirit of Christ, the mind and soul of the Master, caught like a tongue of fire from off an altar. In that moment the purpose of Christ, the meaning of his earthly ministry, his days of labor and nights of prayer, his works of love and words

of hope, became their own in a sense never before perceived. They saw that without them, the examples and witnesses of this redemptive life and death, there could come no message of grace to the world. Christ was dependent upon them to complete his sacrificial service. It was the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Holiness, the comforting, impelling, inspiring, empowering Presence which henceforth was their possession and their reward. No "third person of the Trinity" this, of whom the theologians have talked learnedly but meaninglessly, but the life of God in the prepared soul, leading gradually into all the truth, recalling the words of Christ, interpreting them and marking out the pathway of holiness.

The Tongues.

In the rush of these events and emotions the company manifested its deep and holy fervor in such outbursts of happy utterance as quickly caught the ears of the passing multitude. The strange phenomenon of the "glossa" or "tongue" fell upon them, and in this single instance in all the New Testament cases of its manifestation, left the witness of the use of unfamiliar dialects. In the rapidity of the narrative no explanation of the incident is given. Did the various disciples speak each in a different language? Or were they all alike gifted for the moment with this marvelous endowment? Or did one speak, and the multitude all hear in their different languages? Or was the use of the Greek language the

speech of the educated world by common and apparently unlearned men, the occasion for such wonder on the part of the people? Or was the wonder in that penetrating, convincing, exalted message of the apostles, that eloquence independent of mere vocabulary, that "speech beyond speech" which the flaming torches of Gospel truth have borne like a fire around the world.

Peter's Message.

Whatever value the apostolic language had in making its impression upon the hearers, it was the sermon of Peter, clear, incisive, bold, conclusive, which brought them to confession and obedience. Their wonder at the spectacle rapidly changed to alarm as the apostle charged them not only with sin against their own history in the rejection of the Messiah, but even of sedition against Roman law in the taking of an innocent life. Then the climax, with its proofs of that glorious Life, based on prophecy, miracle and the resurrection, brought the people in terror and conviction to ask what they must do, and conviction and confession ripened into obedience as the three thousands took their stand with the disciples.

Thus the Day of Pentecost takes its place along with the other great days in the history of the Kingdom of God, and from it evermore the church dates the moment of its birth.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By Silas Jones

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION CONSECRATION.

Topic January 6: Ex. 35:25; Acts 27:21-26; Rom 12:1-3.

A Comprehensive Resolution.

Of the Macedonians Paul wrote, "First they gave their own selves to the Lord, and to us through the will of God." Those who follow this order will not have reason to complain so often of broken resolutions. The making of resolutions excites ridicule because men fix their attention upon details and not upon the great fundamentals of life. By first giving themselves to God, they will be able to judge concerning particular resolutions and they will have a motive strong enough to keep them steady when pleasures allure and pains would repel. Precepts get their value from the general plan of life into which they enter. Benjamin Franklin wrote maxims and proverbs that have been highly prized by the American people, and the reason is simple; he had a gift of putting in concise, compendious sentences the convictions of the common man. The errors of Franklin are the errors of the people whom he represents. The truth his writing contains is the truth which the people cherish. His general plan of life is theirs. If we must have a resolution for the new year, let it be one that will include all particular duties. Or we may think a little further into the meaning of our determination to give ourselves to God if we feel that we have in any measure been yielding to the divine leading.

A Consecration of Possessions.

The dictionary says that consecration is "the act or ceremony of setting apart from a common to a sacred use." The definition is a good one provided the right meaning is put into its terms. If "common" is the equivalent of "sinful" or "selfish," and if "sacred" means "righteous," "unselfish," we may allow the dictionary to speak for us. All ministries in the name of Christ are sacred. All wealth that is devoted to the service of man is consecrated. Lincoln said of the field of Gettysburg: "We cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract." That is hallowed ground where men do their full measure of duty. The church of God is a holy institution because it serves men. Now the church has a special work to do in inspiring its members to make a proper use of their wealth. We have come to a new era in history. The age of deficit has

passed and the age of surplus has come. But many men are governed by feelings acquired in the age when all the efforts of a man brought him but a meagre subsistence. They cling to their great possessions with the tenacity of men who must fight to retain food sufficient to maintain life. We are still offering pioneer gifts to the church for its missionary activities, notwithstanding the fact that we have long ago ceased to live the pioneer life. We have the comforts of new day. The enterprises of the church should have the support that befits the present.

Consecration of Self.

We are not slow to remind a man who undertakes to use the state or the church for private ends that he is misusing a public institution. Can we not go further and say to the man that he is not a private person? Officially most men are private persons but socially they are not. Every man either helps or hinders social progress. It is true that society cannot decide some things for him. He has rights which may not be ignored. But he has obligations also. Any imperfection in the motive of the individual shows itself in institutions. Good service is rendered by good men. The better the man the better the service. The best thing a man can give is himself. In truth, the only thing a man can give is himself. His money is a part of himself. If it is not, he is not giving when he puts it into the hand of another. Men who acquire their money by unrighteousness can hardly be called generous if they dispose of it freely. The notion that the gambler is generous is false. He has rendered no service for the money he bestows and therefore it is not a part of him. The first act of consecration is to choose some occupation by which we can reward society for what we demand from it. Then if society deals generously with us, we can use some of her gifts for the benefits of others. If we consecrate ourselves to the Kingdom of God, we shall choose for ourselves that occupation in which we can render the largest service. Let us not mistake the emotionalism of the prayer-meeting which issues no deed of helpfulness for the consecration God demands of us. Emotion is good if it leads to good conduct. Otherwise it is an abomination to the Lord.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

By H. D. C. MacLachlan

PART II. SUNDAY SCHOOL PEDAGOGY

LESSON VII. THE GRADED SCHOOL.

I. WHAT IS IT? A Graded School is one in which the pupils are classified according to age and mental equipment, and teaching is adapted to the requirements of each stage of their development. It includes four things: Graded Classes, Graded Methods, Graded Lesson Material and Graded Teachers.

II. ITS NECESSITY. The desirability of grading is no longer in dispute. It has exactly the same justification as the grading of the day school. Here as there children of approximately the same age are grouped together because their needs, interests and mental equipments are of a like order, and because they need to be taught the same thing in the same way. Grading is simply the recognition on the part of the Sunday-school, of the fact, long known to the educational world, that the human mind changes from year to year both in its capacity for, and in its way of assimilating knowledge.

III. CLASSIFICATION. The ideal basis of classification is the

general mental equipment of the scholar; but as this test cannot always be rigidly applied, the best working substitute is the day school standing modified when necessary by the consideration of age. The school should first be divided into several large departments, corresponding to the different periods of intellectual and spiritual development of the scholars. Authorities differ somewhat as to the precise limits of these periods, but the following is suggested as a good working classification:

- (1) EARLY CHILDHOOD—from one to six years,
- (2) CHILDHOOD—from six to twelve,
- (3) EARLY ADOLESCENCE—from twelve to sixteen,
- (4) LATER ADOLESCENCE—from sixteen to twenty-one,
- (5) ADULT—from twenty-one up.

IV. DEPARTMENTS. On the basis of the above primary nature-divisions, the school may be divided into the following departments, presided over by its own officers and having its own methods of work:

(1) **ELEMENTARY** (corresponding to the period of early childhood.)

- (a) Cradle-Roll—from one to three years,
- (b) Kindergarten or Beginners—from three to six years,
- (c) Primary—from six to nine.

(2) **JUNIOR** (corresponding to childhood.)

(3) **INTERMEDIATE** (corresponding to early adolescence.)

(4) **SENIOR** (corresponding to later childhood.)

(5) **ADULT.**

The formation of these departments is the first step to be taken towards grading a school.

V. OTHER DEPARTMENTS. In addition to these Departments of the Main School a fully organized school should have the following:

(1) **ORGANIZED CLASSES** for men and women, such as "Baraca," "Philathea," "Berea," etc., or those organized under the Adult Department of the International Sunday-school Association.

(2) **HOME DEPARTMENT**, for the benefit of those who cannot attend the regular sessions of the school. As to lesson material, the members of this department will be graded according to age.

(3) **NORMAL DEPARTMENT**, for the purpose of training the teachers of the school, and others who will become teachers, in the essentials of bible knowledge and modern religious pedagogy.

(4) **SPECIALIZATION**—classes for work on special subjects, exist in many schools, and suggest a line of work that has not as yet been sufficiently developed in Sunday-school work.

(5) Very large schools may also have a **TRAVELING DEPARTMENT** for the sake of those who are away from home.

VII. CLASS DIVISIONS. Where a School is large enough to

permit, each of the Departments, from the Primary to the Senior, inclusive, should be subdivided according to the principles mentioned in paragraphs I and II of this lesson. In the Primary, Junior and Intermediate Grades, the classes should number from eight to twelve, but in the Senior and Adult Departments, larger classes are desirable. The sexes should be separated, in all the departments above the primary.

VIII. GRADED METHODS, ETC. The other requirements of a graded school will be dealt with more fully in later lessons. Here it is sufficient merely to indicate their meaning. **GRADED METHODS**, have to do with the actual teaching of the lesson, and signify the adaptation of the manner of teaching to the requirements of each age. Thus drills and motion songs are good for the Beginners and Primary Departments, but would be absurd in any other. The lecture method of the adult class, would be disastrous for the Juniors; and on the other hand, the story method of the Juniors would drive away the "grown-ups". **GRADED LESSON MATERIAL** means the suiting of the thing taught to the mind of the scholars. Thus, the 14th chapter of John, while eminently fitted for an adult class, contains no truth that the child mind can grasp. The boys and girls delight in the hero stories of the Old Testament, while their elders are more interested in Paul's doctrine of justification. The strong meat of the Christian dogma should not be fed to babes. The **GRADING OF THE TEACHERS** implies the assigning to each class of those teachers, who by experience or natural gifts are best able to use the proper methods for that grade. Care should especially be taken that properly equipped teachers are provided for the younger classes, where technical knowledge of teaching is of greater importance than anywhere else.

(To be Continued.)

The Books of Acts

Next to the Gospels, the Book of Acts is the most significant portion of the Bible. It is the narrative of what Jesus continued to do and teach after the close of his personal ministry among men. It is the Gospel of the Holy Spirit and the first chapter in the history of the Christian church.

The Book of Acts is one of the two documents of the New Testament written by the hands of a non-Jew. Criticism has rendered us practically certain that Luke is the author of this book and the Third Gospel. For a time, the interest of New Testament scholars was so strongly centered in the Gospels and the Epistles that the Book of Acts received comparatively little attention or was largely discredited as a historical source because of the many points in which it seemed to disagree with the writings of Paul. But attention has of late been fastened afresh upon this book, with the perception that it is of great importance as a source for our knowledge of the origins of Christianity. It is true that even so eminent an authority as Harnack, while assuming in the strongest manner the Lukan authorship, at the same time holds that the book itself is only of second value as a historical document because of its special pleading and ignorance of many phases of New Testament life and teaching. But in spite of this sad event, which is shared by other scholars, the book is being vindicated as our most notable authority for the period of which it treats. While we recognize the fact that Luke did not always have first-hand information concerning the things of which he wrote, and that this removal from the facts sometimes lessens the value of his evidence, yet a document of this character, produced so soon after the events is of very great importance, and we are fortunate in being able to compare it with the absolutely authentic utterances of Paul, both to confirm and correct its story.

Luke, the author of the book, was the companion of the apostle Paul during some portions of the latter part of his ministry, ending with his imprisonment and death in Rome. We have no knowledge of the first meeting of the two men. But it is possible that this occurred during Paul's second missionary journey, in the city of Troas, the ancient Troy, where Paul became aware through the vision of the man of Macedonia, of a world living still further west, waiting for the advent of the Gospel. From this time on, as the use of the first person plural indicates, Luke was Paul's fellow traveler for a portion of the time, and the record of these journeys forms the basis and most authentic portion of the Book of Acts. The book naturally divides itself into two sections, the first of which deals with the Jerusalem Church and the life and work of the apostle Peter. This section, which closes with Chapter XII, is followed by the Pauline part of the book; and the difference in treatment of the two sections, the signs of awareness and interest in connection with the work of Paul, are clear evidences of the fact that the author was far more deeply concerned with the activities of the apostle to the Gentiles than with the church in Jerusalem and the work of Peter.

Perhaps, then, the material of the book would fall into the following groups: (1) the "we" sections of the book, or the "travel document," as some scholars called it, of which there are four sections: XVI: 10-17; XX: 5-16; XXI: 1-18; XXVII: 1-XXVIII, 16.

(2) The narrative of Paul's life and ministry in which these

fragments of the "travel document" are imbedded. The material for this frame-work was doubtless supplied to Luke by the apostle Paul himself.

(3) The remainder of the book forms the introduction to the story of the life of Paul. This includes all of Chapters I to XII, except Chapter IX, which relates to Paul's conversion, and really belongs with the second section.

It is probable that Luke's knowledge of this introductory portion of the book was derived from written documents, from personal acquaintance with members of the Jerusalem Church during the period of his residence in that city, and with Paul at Caesarea, and from other Palestinian sources.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

(Continued from page 13.)

If it were conceivable, as it is not, that a peach tree depended upon something besides its fruits to prove what it was, then one could imagine that the month in which it was planted, or the name by which it was planted, or the kind of fence that surrounded the orchard, determined whether it was a peach or an apple tree. This would be legal evidence produced by some authority, or book, or ceremony, or relation, but not by the tree itself, as to what it was. But fruit belongs by nature to the tree itself and is nature's own sure evidence of the species she is producing.

Now there are natural evidences which grow as naturally out of the Christian heart, as the apples that grow on an apple tree, to show whether one is a Christian or not. What are some of these "natural evidences," the "fruits" that indicate the Christian tree? Jesus has left us in no doubt: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another." Paul said: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God. What is the evidence that one is led of the Spirit? We know by the fruits of the Spirit in his Spirit and conduct, which are love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, etc. These evidences have a natural and necessary relation to the Christian life. They are real, not formal evidences; natural, not legal proofs. John said: "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren."

Bro. Perkins is right: "Certainly the sinner is lost and most certainly there is some process by which he may be assured of his salvation." If you will change the expression from "legal evidence" to "legitimate evidence," I will make that statement my own. The legitimate evidence that one is saved is the evidence which a saved life naturally gives of its changed condition. What evidence more satisfying, or more certain, than the fact that one "loves his neighbor as himself." No matter what the legal evidence may be one way or the other, the man who does not love his neighbor as himself is not a Christian. The tree that does not bear apples is not an apple tree. Such a tree may have been legally pronounced to be an apple tree when it was planted; one may have legally purchased it for an apple tree; and it may have legally grown in an orchard of apple trees; but if it bears peaches, it is not an apple tree—all laws, statutes, ceremonies and decrees notwithstanding to the contrary. We can be mistaken legally, but not morally or naturally. Nothing is ever made so legally; law merely recognizes what is so by custom and nature.

DEPARTMENT OF BIBLICAL PROBLEMS

By Professor Willett

We have in our church here many beliefs on faith and prayer. Some have had their faith in prayer somewhat shaken by recent circumstances. What do you understand to be the relationship between a Christian's faith and prayer? To follow Christ's idea of prayer, what should we expect in earthly and physical results? I am after a working basis for prayer. Of course, we recognize the subjective value of prayer, but what about the objective?

Elyria, Ohio.

J. P. S.

The subject of prayer lies very close to the heart of Christianity. The most casual reading of the Scriptures shows that prayer was born of the sense of man's need of God; that it developed with the history of spiritual religion to a more commanding place in the program of devotion, that it reached a most impressive position in the experience and teaching of the apostles, and that its need was felt to be supreme in the life of our Lord. It would be very easy to gather such an anthology of biblical passages on the subject as would show its commanding place in the soul's relation to God.

Yet, like all spiritual experiences, it has its mysteries which to many are actual perplexities. Our age is confronting them as no other ever has. If we tried to make a list of them, the following, while not complete, would include the most common. The list of questions below given is the more interesting as it is a part of a letter which comes at almost the same time as the one quoted above.

(1) Is prayer really heard? (2) If prayer is the effort to change the purpose of God, is it not both futile and immoral? (3) If it is not so intended, of what avail is it? (4) Has it any other significance than as a pious exercise? (5) How can we believe in prayer when our prayers are for the most part unanswered, while the men who prayed in the Bible times were always heard? (6) Is it worth while to pray for worldly good like health, success or domestic happiness? Are not these things either within our own power or beyond the reach of any aid? (7) What would be the value of prayer in a time of emergency or peril? (8) What would be the value of prayer for another e. g. for the conversion of a friend? (9) Is the answer to prayer dependent on faith in its efficacy?

It is easy to see that these questions cover a vast range of Christian interest and experience. No more vital theme could be given attention. It is to be feared that in the presence of doubts such as some of these questions suggest, or of failures such as others imply, the practice of prayer is left off, and both doubt and failure become habitual. To begin with, What is prayer? Certainly no mere form of words, though such may no doubt be used in prayer. It is not necessarily speech of any kind, though it will no doubt most frequently find expression in speech. Prayer is such communion with God, through conscious effort to apprehend and fulfill his will, as gives a sense of calm, happiness and power, and aids in the attainment of likeness to God, and hence of mastery over the dangers and difficulties of life. Prayer is by no means limited to this definition. It may be much more than this, and doubtless is in the experience of many Christians. But this at least it may become in the lives of all.

(1) Prayer is heard and answered. This is the testimony of the saints in all the ages. Such men as Paul, Augustine, Dante, Luther, and Tauler are the witnesses of this truth. And such men are as worthy of belief as experts in any other sphere of knowledge. More than this, the men and women who are in conscious daily communion with God are a great host whose testimony is not to be denied. But the chief witness to the validity of prayer is Jesus himself. No doubt can be cast on his constant use of it and the results that he obtained from its employment. If he had need of it, how much more have we. If he found in it strength and comfort, as truly may we.

(2) Prayer of the right sort is not the effort to change the will of God, but to co-operate with that will. God does not change his nature or his laws at the behest of any. To do so would be to throw the universe into chaos. Doubtless such prayers have been offered, without the knowledge of the true nature of prayer on the part of the petitioner. But like foolish children we are often most blest when our requests are not granted.

(3) It is the attempt so to avail oneself of the resources God puts at his disposal as makes possible the divine blessing. Prayer is petition, but it is also the effort which renders the granting of the petition possible. It is both the will and the endeavor to connect with the divine battery of power and blessing. God can do for us

nothing which we do not wish to have done. Prayer is the manner in which we both register our desires and utilize the means for their accomplishment.

(4) Prayer undoubtedly has a value as a subjective experience. The influence of prayer on the praying soul would still be worth while if it merely reacted helpfully. But prayer is no mere pious gymnastic. It reaches the Father who hears and answers. God is the "Inspirer and Hearer of prayer."

(5) Many of our prayers are unanswered because they are only forms of speech, or are in no wise related to the divine program for us, or because we make no effort to render their answer possible. No moving of levers can start an electric car that has no trolley connection with the line of power. Moreover, the merest reading of the Bible would show that prayers, even of the best men, were not always answered. Paul prayed for the removal of his affliction. His prayer was not answered but grace was given him to bear it. Jesus prayed for the removal of the cup, but was compelled to drink it notwithstanding. Yet the larger blessing came in strength to endure.

(6) Yes, it is always worth while to ask the divine blessing on everything we think worthy of our earnest desire and effort. But in the act of praying the pledge is given that all proper effort is to be made to bring the answer. The prayer for daily bread means the attempt to secure it with the blessing of God. The prayer for health means the avoidance of unwholesome things, and in sickness the employment of approved remedies, with the request for divine guidance and blessing. Some of these things may be within our reach, and some may be beyond even the divine power to grant us, considering the lives we live or the circumstances in which we are placed. But those who abide in the life of prayer know the secret of strength, confidence and happiness which it imparts.

(7) It is impossible to say how the divine power aids the man of faith and prayer. Yet often it is perfectly certain that such is the case. We may not claim that the prayer of the most consecrated man in peril of shipwreck at sea changes the forces of nature and saves the ship, though such claims are often made. But it is not difficult to understand how the realization of God's presence through prayer at such a moment may bring calmness and confidence, and one such member in a ship's company might save the whole. Many foolish claims may have been made for prayer in emergencies, and many foolish tests applied to it. But the depths of its power have not yet been sounded, and one may well venture to give it a larger place in his life than most Christians attempt.

(8) A whole region of intensely interesting suggestion is opened by recent studies in the influence of one mind over another. These indicate that prayer may have new and vital uses. Certainly there will be little value in a prayer for the conversion of another if no effort is put forth by the one who prays. But if he regards himself as the agent of God in the conversion or the blessing of his friend, all things are possible. To use once more the figure of the electric current, there may be no vital connection between God and the man for whom the prayer is offered. But the man who makes the prayer is in vital touch with both, and through him they meet. All prayer for others avails where genuine interest and effort go into the petition.

(9) Yes, for no one is likely to throw himself whole-heartedly and potently into prayer and self-devotion to its fulfillment who does not believe it to be worth while. Faith is the saving quality, because in the confidence it gives you make the effort and achieve the result. But faith itself grows with experiment and experience. "Come and see," is still the word to the questioner. Men do not become mighty in prayer in a single day. Like all other habits, it grows with the use, and with it grows faith as the results are seen. It is well to have a philosophy of prayer, no doubt. But it is better to know the joy of fellowship with God, and the power that comes from His presence.

LOVE FAILETH NOT.

Knowledge, prophecies, gifts of all kinds, pass away, but the love of God and the love of man never fail. They continue into the unseen world beyond the grave; the remembrance of these things as we have known them here enables us to think of them there; the unselfish purpose, the generous sympathies, the deep affections, the transparent sincerity, the long self-control, the simple humanity of those to whom the commandment of God has been precious—these are the arches of that bridge on which our thoughts and hopes cross and recross the widest and most mysterious of all the chasms that divide us—the gulf which divides the dead and the living, the gulf which divides God and man.—Dean Stanley.

CHICAGO

O. F. JORDAN WRITES OF THE CHURCH WORK OF THE DISCIPLES OF CHRIST IN CHICAGO. HE SETS FORTH THE PROBLEMS OF THIS GREAT CITY AND GIVES A PICTURE OF THE EFFORTS OF OUR PEOPLE TO BUILD UP CHURCHES.

As we have gone about the city visiting the churches of the Disciples, we have been impressed with the character of the people, which is so diverse, and with the similarity of the problems of our church. Had Ian Maclaren visited our churches he might have added another chapter in his excellent book, "Church Folks," which deals with the folk of the Scottish churches.

The people that move to Chicago are for the most part the restless people of the larger towns who are ambitious to get ahead in the world and who come to the city for the sake of its larger opportunities. As there is but a remnant of native Chicagoans in our churches here, the churches are made up for the most part of this ambitious, restless and roving class we have just mentioned. They are an excellent folk in their way. They believe in progress, even in things religious. Conservatives in the rural districts complain that there is something in the Chicago air that leads a man from traditional moorings. That impression is a correct one. The "Chicago spirit" soon lays hold on all but the most intractable, and all unconsciously they are moulded by the social environment, which is a much larger thing than the liberal movement among ministers of the Disciples. Thus it comes to pass that in our churches there are few of the wealthy, but many of those who will some day become wealthy through their own genius and initiative. There are few great social leaders, but much raw material out of which these may be made.

Ian Maclaren's "Mutineer."

This class of folk make our church life in Chicago stormy at times. The elder and dictator of some country church who has enjoyed ten or twenty years of undisputed rule, does not readily acquiesce in a regime where he is but a deacon, and is not consulted by the preacher as to what hymns shall be sung. He must make a strike for a larger place, at times. If he be lacking in the spirit of true religion, and unfortunately our sister churches of the rural districts send us such elders at times, he will rend a church asunder rather than fail to make his point. The description of the Scottish "mutineer" by Ian Maclaren fits our own experience entirely. He says, "The mutineer is of another breed and is an able-bodied miscreant, who will strike a hard blow whenever he can get an opportunity, and at any person whom he can reach. His sole desire is to do mischief, and the more pain he gives, the better he is pleased. He will write insulting letters to the minister, charging him with every sin from heresy to lying. He will get up a public controversy about the affairs of the congregation in any newspaper which is foolish enough to insert his letters. He will attack the most reasonable proposals of the office-bearers, and impute to them the worst motives. He will move through the congregation as an incendiary, and set fire to every inflammable person. When he is in his glory, he will threaten proceedings in the church courts or the civil courts; and although he will never carry them out, being a coward as well as a bully, he will take the preliminary steps, which cause talk and alarm. It will also be part of his role to pose as a straightforward and honest man of unflinching rectitude and spiritual aims. What he does will always be under the constraint of conscience, and he will summon himself and his opponents with much rhetorical effect before the bar of eternal justice. He is so big and blatant, and good people are so charitable and easily cowed, that

they often take the man at his own value and come to terms with him." Such mutineers have appeared in almost every church in Chicago at different times. They have wrought havoc with the progress of the gospel in the very name of the gospel and have prostituted every legitimate religious interest to selfish ambition.

Splendid Examples of Christlikeness.

In Chicago, however, there are some of the most splendid examples of self-sacrifice in the interest of religion that is to be found anywhere. Many housemaids and office girls give to exceed farmers, with homes paid for, in the rural districts. People who are shut up in dingy stores and offices with never a sight of God's great out-of-doors, give the only day when they might see the parks, to the teaching of Sunday-school classes and mission bands. They go to their weekly task on Monday morning tired instead of rested, that the work of the kingdom may go forward. Chicago Christians will hope against hope for the better day, worshipping meanwhile in a structure much like a wood-house or in a dirty old grocery store. These saints have the religious imagination to glorify these inglorious places of worship and say "This is my Bethel, the very house of God."

The problems of the churches have a startling similarity. Everywhere there is the complaint of the continual shifting of the population. Most churches have twenty per cent of their membership move out of the district each May day. The newly-arrived preacher fondly imagines that he has done a great work in his few months and eats his heart out when he sees it disappear in a single day, and the church become smaller than when he arrived. Thus it happens that some preachers who have glowing newspaper reports for a time have short sojourns here. The Monroe Street Church lost enough of the men who were its leading financial supporters on a single May day a few years ago to threaten the very existence of the church. The Evanston church lost business men this past year to the extent of taking away one-third of the pledged support of the church. The roving Disciples have not yet settled in business or purchased real estate to an extent that will make them permanent.

Strenuous Financial Enterprise.

Again, every church in Chicago is under the lash to provide funds for its work. Little churches, without a single man who owns ten thousand dollars worth of property, are averaging twenty dollars per member, man, woman and child. Such an income in Bloomington, Springfield or Danville, Illinois, would make the coffers of the Lord to overflow with money and tax the ingenuity of official boards to spend it. But in Chicago little groups of thirty people try to run churches and finance them. Many Disciples who do not identify themselves with Chicago churches drop out because they do not wish to measure up with such strenuous giving and sacrifice.

The third universal problem of our churches is that of adequate building facilities. There is not a building in Chicago used by the Disciples that cost fifty thousand dollars. The great Englewood church is housed in a little stone building that would not be regarded as pretentious save in a village of a thousand people. The Jackson Boulevard Church, our largest church does not have a corner lot and crowded into a flat district is a building that looks beautiful to a people that have poured out their highest effort

to secure it, but which would not be an object of pride to any visiting Disciple. The Metropolitan Church fathered by Charles Reign Scoville meets in a one story store building long since grown old and dilapidated. The Monroe Street Church is probably the finest in the city built by Disciples but it is burdened with a debt that may take years to pay. The Evanston Church is located three blocks from the cabbage patches on the west, one mile from the street car lines and nearly two miles from the great Northwestern University. It is surrounded by the foreign population of the city which grows while the American population decreases. It has a plaster cement building with large chunks of plaster off. A Sunday-school scholar when asked recently where he went to Sunday-school, replied, "To the little church that is falling down." The Douglas Park Church meets in a little brick building the size and shape of the wood house behind a country school-house. Near it, the church extension societies of the different denominations have erected magnificent edifices, not with money loaned, but with money donated for all time. The Hyde Park Church building is useful, but strange and wonderful to behold. When the orthodox hunted it up at a recent Congress, they exclaimed with much satisfaction, "Well, if heresy in Chicago is no larger than this, it is not very dangerous."

City Problems Unique.

The churches of Chicago have the continual strain of meeting the demands of a diverse population. A man recently moved to Hyde Park and has not yet identified himself with the church because he wants to be sure the church and pastor are not too conservative for him. All of our preachers are conservatives in their own communities, if they are radicals abroad. Dr. Ames contends earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. Dr. Willett does the best he can to hold a congregation in touch with the principles of our religious reformation which is anxious to hear some new thing. Mr. Morrison has accepted the peculiarities of his neighborhood in some things that he may save the larger things of the Christian faith.

The preachers of Chicago are a hearty group to meet. If it has taken time for them to learn to do team work, they are now doing it. No city in this country has a heartier, more brotherly fellowship among its ministers than does Chicago. This ministry has education and ability equal if not superior to that of the great communions who have contended for a century for an educated ministry. Men have come here from great churches to preach to a handful, in order that the most strategic point upon the continent should have adequate ministerial supply. These men have sacrificed in salary, and know they cannot make the glowing newspaper reports the brethren love to read. They leave here from time to time broken in health and spirit, bowed down with a sense of the sin of a great city, never again to regain the youthfulness and buoyancy with which they came. They do more work here in a week than they used to do in two, for they are intoxicated with the whirl of city life. Like a man drunk with wine, they do not know when to stop, until a complete break-down sends them away that a new man may pour his life into the enterprise. After they have sacrificed all these things, after they have borne the heat and burden of the day, their reward has often been to be written up as arrogant

(Continued on page 23)

H. M. Gilmore goes from Marion to Council Grove, Kansas.

A. I. Martin and the church at Astoria will begin a series of meetings January 1.

W. A. Morrison, Windsor, Mo., has accepted a call to the church at Higginville, Mo.

The Roanoke Mission, Kansas City, Mo., has secured James F. Quisenberry as pastor.

The church at Peru, Neb., has just closed a meeting which was led by Knowles and Ridenour.

B. V. Black has resigned the pastorate of the church at Mankato, Minn., and accepted a call to Duluth.

The Brooks Brothers are in a successful meeting with the church at Warren, Ohio. J. E. Lynn is the minister.

W. E. Reavis, Stanberry, Mo., reports an average attendance at the prayer-meeting service of from fifty to sixty.

Evangelists Hamilton and Thomas announce seventy additions in the first two weeks of their meeting at Chanute, Kans.

J. N. Chloe has closed a three years' successful work at Donovan, Ill., and is ready to accept a call to another church.

The church at Steubenville, Ohio, has called A. F. Stahl, of the Wabash Avenue Church, Akron, to become their pastor, and he has accepted.

W. A. Green has just closed a three years' pastorate at Kewanee, Ill., during which time three hundred members have been added to the church.

The church at Warrensburg, Mo., where G. B. Stewart ministers, has just closed a successful meeting in which they were assisted by Geo. L. Snively.

L. P. Schooling, of Pullman, Washington, has a Bible class of 115 members. It is composed of men from the various churches of the city. They are using the books of Prof. Kent of Yale as their guide in the study.

The church at Wellsville, W. Va., was the second church organized among the Disciples. It is the oldest existing church of the body. The present membership is 357, and the Sunday-school attendance 143. F. M. Bidle is the pastor.

President Bates and the friends of Hiram College are making a heroic struggle to complete the task of raising an endowment of \$100,000 for the institution. They have gone beyond the \$80,000 mark. Let all friends of the college come to her aid at once.

V. W. Blair, who came to Greenfield, Ind., immediately after his graduation from Yale University two years ago, has resigned. Mr. Blair's work has been characterized by earnestness and aggressiveness, and his resignation is a matter of regret to the church and the community. We do not know his future plans.

The following toasts, given at a recent banquet of the Men's Club of the church at Memphis, Mo., may be helpful by way of suggestion: "The Church and its Minister," "The Boy Problem;" "What Would the Prayer-meeting be Without the Women?" "The Sunny Side of a Preacher's Life;" "The Church's Obligation to the Community;" "The Churches' Brother-in-law;" and "The Sunday-school." N. J. Nicolson is the pastor.

TELEGRAMS.

Washington, Penn., Dec. 27, 1908: Evangelist Geo. L. Snively and Althiede in great meeting. Great crowds through the holidays. Twenty-three added today, 102 to date. Church happy. Continue.

Ellsworth A. Cole,
minister.

Beaver City, Neb., Dec. 28, 1908: James Small is here with us. Great crowds. Church voted for publication of his sermons on plea and prayer of John 17. Ernest Boyd of Chicago, leading song service.

F. D. Hobson.

Chapin, Ill., December 26, 1908.—The people here are rejoicing over the greatest meeting Chapin has ever had. We closed the 20th, having run six weeks. Number of accessions 107. Of this number 66 were men and 41 women and children, about five or six of the latter. There were twenty men and their wives. Men came and listened and made the good confession who had not attended church for twenty years. Of the total reached, 83 were baptisms, 49 men, 34 women. Eight came as the result of the Sunday meeting at Jacksonville, Ill. T. L. Read, who did the preaching and who is the new pastor, has won the hearts of the people, who crowded the house to listen to the splendid sermons each night. He is an earnest, fearless speaker, and has marked ability for reaching the men, and should be in the evangelistic field. The chorus of almost 70 voices did as nice work as any I have ever had.

J. Wade Seniff,

Pittsfield, Ill. Song Evangelist.

"I am not greatly disturbed over the present situation. God lives and rules. This is his cause. I have done what I believed to be right. I have prayed over the matter. I have taken counsel with some of the wisest men among us. I am not losing sleep about that, but I am losing sleep about the work."—A McLean.

The First Church of Springfield, Ill., organized a Men's Brotherhood recently with about fifty charter members.

J. R. Golden has accepted the call to the West Side Church of Springfield, Ill., succeeding F. M. Rogers.

The excellent choir of the Centerville, Iowa, Church, sang the Cantata "Promise and Fulfillment," on the Sunday night before Christmas.

The church at Hill City, Kansas, Chas. S. Early, pastor, dedicated a six thousand dollar house of worship, December 27. L. L. Carpenter led in the raising of nearly \$6000. The pastor will hold a meeting in January.

Our readers will note the advertisement of the Hackleman Music Company on another page. When in need of song-books of any kind or church hymnals, please write them and mention the Christian Century.

By an oversight in our office we have allowed the great demand for our recent issues of the Christian Century to exhaust the edition of October 31. If any of our good friends can furnish us with copies we will be glad to reciprocate the favor.

PRESIDENT McLEAN'S NEW BOOK
FREE.

To any new subscriber to the Christian Century we will send a copy of A. McLean's "Alexander Campbell as a Preacher," free upon receipt of \$1.50. To ministers upon receipt of \$1.25.

Ray O. Miller has resigned at the Jefferson Street Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.

V. W. Blair has resigned at Greenfield, Ind. He will close his work about March 1.

E. F. Daugherty, Wabash, Ind., has been the leader in the county local option fight and his efforts have been successful.

M. B. Ainsworth of Danville, Ill., has accepted a call to Franklin, Ind., and will begin his work in about two months.

W. D. Willoughby who is doing post-graduate work in Butler College, will preach at Fortville and Pittsboro, Ind., this coming year.

Charles Arthur Coakwell, pastor at Leon, Iowa, will hold a meeting in his home church in January. He will be assisted by Will G. Laye of Lock Haven, Pa.

The leaflet for the Christmas services of the Portland Avenue Church, Minneapolis, is one of the most appropriate and tasteful we have seen. Perry J. Rice is the pastor.

The Central Indiana Christian Ministerial Institute will convene with the Downey Avenue Congregation, Indianapolis, March 8 and 9, 1909. The program is almost complete.

C. H. Devoe closed a meeting at Jasonville, Ind., Sunday night, Dec. 20, with 113 added in three weeks and four days. He begins a meeting in Peru, Ind., early in January with home forces.

J. O. Ross has just closed a good meeting at Williamsport, Ind., which results in reviving, reopening and reorganizing the work there and enabling it with Attica to secure the services of a capable minister at good salary.

J. T. Alsop has returned to Illinois and taken the work at Metropolis City. Mr. Alsop has been in Missouri for several years. He held successful pastorates in Pekin and Washington, Ill., before going to Missouri. He is a graduate of Eureka College and is interested in the movement for her enlargement. He has been spending a few days in Eureka visiting old acquaintances.

C. G. Kindred, pastor of the Englewood Christian Church, Chicago, Ill., spent two or three weeks in Eureka. He is recovering from a serious illness and he was in Eureka to rest. He was educated in Eureka and thinks there is no spot quite so dear as Eureka College. He has been a warm friend of the college since going forth from her halls and is more interested than ever.

After spending six weeks in the selection of a minister to fill the pulpit of the First Christian Church, Omaha, Neb., made vacant by the resignation of S. D. Dutcher, who goes to Terre Haute, Ind., the pulpit committee has finally decided to issue a call to J. M. Kersey of Parsons, Kan. Mr. Kersey has been pastor of one of the biggest churches in Kansas for five years. He is an ex-president of Bethany College. His Bible class, which numbers 822, with a regular Monday evening attendance of 725, is the largest in the world.

Little 5-year-old Mabel during a visit to the country decided to help her grandfather milk the cows.

"Grandpa," she said after several fruitless efforts, "I wish you would come here and show me how you turn the milk on."

O. P. Spiegel and Princess Long are holding a meeting in the Broadway Church, Los Angeles, Cal. B. F. Coulter is the pastor.

J. V. Coombe is announced to hold a meeting for the church at Princeton, Ind. The meeting is to begin about the first of February.

G. J. Chapman has resigned at Cherokee, Okla., to accept the work in St. Thomas, Ontario, Can., where he begins the first Sunday in the new year.

Prof. E. E. Boyer of Eureka College has supplied the pulpit of the Central Christian Church, Peoria, for the past three months. The church speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Boyer's work.

J. J. Bare of Findley, Ill., has been called to the pastorate of the Bicknell church. Mr. Bare did a good work for the church at Findley. We shall look for fine results at Bicknell under his pastorate.

Walter B. Zimmerman of Des Moines, Ia., recently took the pastorate at Effingham, Ill. The work is moving nicely, the Bible-school having grown from about seventy to almost 300 in six weeks. Thirty-four have been added to the church in this brief period and the church is looking forward to a great harvest during the new year. The plain old gospel is preached with fervor and many that have never been in the church before are being constrained to hear.

I have closed my work here and will be open for work after Jan. 1, 1909. Can hold a few meetings if desired. Will take settled pastorate with some church paying \$1,200. Terms for meetings to suit.

Thomas J. Thompson.

608 Prince street, Pekin, Ill.

Would like to correspond with a cultured, competent and energetic singing evangelist, concerning work for 1909.

Evangelist W. O. Stephens.

Austin, Tex.

Dean W. J. Lhamon, after seven years service at the head of the Bible College, Columbia, Mo., has resigned. He will conduct evangelistic meetings, beginning about next September. No doubt his long residence among students will have prepared him for a type of evangelism that is much needed in certain communities. The following resolutions were passed by the executive committee:

Whereas, Dean W. J. Lhamon of the Bible College of Missouri, feeling called to another field of work, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Secretary of the Board of Trustees to take effect at the pleasure of the Board not later than June, 1909,

Therefore, Resolved that the Executive Committee of the Board hereby expresses the earnest hope that his plans for the future may permit him to continue with the college till the close of the present collegiate year, and—

Resolved, that the Executive Committee further desires to express its appreciation of the earnest, faithful and efficient services he has rendered the Bible College during the seven years he has served it as dean, and to assure him that he will carry with him into his new field of labor the sincere respect and good wishes of every member of the Board.

Signed,

D. A. Robnett Vice Pres.

J. T. Mitchell, Treas.

J. W. Putnam, Sec'y.

B. F. Lowry.

Melnotte Miller, the district evangelist of the Twelfth Indiana Missionary District, is in a good meeting at Linton. The church at Linton has had a hard time in coming to the front. Linton is a great coal mining town. Mr. Miller is doing good work in the district.

C. P. Pledger of the W. A. Sunday evangelistic party and his corps of workers will hold three union revivals in the Fifth district during the summer of 1909. First Petersburg, second Barry and third Havana. He will leave Mr. Sunday after the February meeting in Springfield.

H. I. Veach of Pittsfield, evangelist of the Fifth Illinois District is doing some splendid work. After spending nearly two months visiting the churches he held a meeting at Pleasant Hill (Pike county), which resulted in nineteen additions. At present he is with the church at Raymond and the outlook is encouraging.

H. H. Peters, the wide-awake field secretary of the Eureka College spent last Sunday, Dec. 22, at Chandlerville, Ill. In the morning he delivered a splendid address on the Educational Problem. At night he preached on "Light and its Lessons." Mr. Peters is undertaking great things for the college and is going at it in a strictly business way. Success must follow. I. A. Engle is minister at Chandlerville.

O. C. Bolman, pastor at Havana, Ill., writes as follows:

"The church here is prospering along all lines. The membership of the Bible-school is double the membership of the church. Attendance averaged over 200 for nearly two months. 228 last Sunday. Three confessions from the Bible-school at morning service. Thirty-three added in past nine months. Our revival meeting begins Jan. 10. J. Wade Seniff of Pittsfield, will assist me. He is a good chorus director and soloist. The annual meeting of the church will be held on New Years Day. Our state field secretary, J. Fred Jones, will preach for us afternoon and evening. We will have supper at the church.

Our union meeting at Palmyra, Ill., closed with 233 accessions, nearly all conversions. The converts will be distributed among the four churches of the town, a large number going to the Christian Church. The evangelist gave the invitation just as our own evangelists do and took their confessions in the same manner. He preached faith, repentance, confession, but left out baptism. He said he would leave that for the local preachers to discuss. My experience in this union meeting has impressed me more than ever that the Church of Christ is right in its doctrinal teaching and that it is the one body of Christians who will bring about Christian union if we ever have it. I had a fine chorus of 100 voices and an orchestra of ten players. I sing in a meeting at Atlantic, Iowa, beginning Jan. 3. V. M. Elston, the minister, will do the preaching.

Charles E. McVay,
Song Evangelist.

Read carefully our great premium offer in the advertising pages. Now is certainly the time to subscribe to the Christian Century. The books offered are in some cases worth the price paid for both paper and book. Besides, you can depend on it the Christian Century will be the most interesting paper published in our brotherhood during this our Centennial year.

W. B. Morris preached for J. E. Slimp at Bruceville, Ind., on Sunday evening, Dec. 27.

J. E. Slimp who has served the Bruceville church as pastor for three years has resigned. He gives up also his work for the Mariah Creek church at the same time. Mr. Slimp has done a good work for these churches. He has been especially active in creating a missionary spirit.

Frank Powers, who is a senior in Butler College and who preaches for one of the Indianapolis churches, was called to Wheatland, Ind., last week because of the death of his mother. His father lost his life in a railroad accident six weeks ago. The Century extends sympathy.

The following appeared in one of the Vincennes daily papers last week:

"Rev. William Oeschger has issued the following unique invitation to his congregation for the Sunday morning service at the First Christian church:

"The service of the First Christian Church Sunday morning is to be a 'Love Affair.' The songs are to be 'love songs,' the scripture lesson is to be 'a love chapter,' 'a love feast' will be celebrated and 'a love sermon' preached. The people will be asked to 'love each other' and the Holy Spirit petitioned to shed the love of God abroad in the hearts of the people present."

You are most lovingly invited to share in this "love affair."

Our fund to send the Century to all the ministers of the Brotherhood for six weeks has grown by the following additions:

Albert Schwartz, Clinton, Ill.	\$ 1.00
T. J. Clark, Albion, Ill.	1 00
A. W. Fortune, Cincinnati	5.00
Mrs. Carrie F. Luck, Cleburne, Tex.	.50
A. Friend, Des Moines	20.00

Although the amount is only about half enough to send a fourth time, we will gladly give "another round" next week, skipping this week to let our amanuenses catch up. This wide scattering of the seed is bringing forth fruit in letters of commendation and in not a few new subscriptions. It is our wish to complete the six issues if our friends make it possible.

THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL.

The politician talks and talks,
The actor plays his part,
The soldier glitters on parade,
The goldsmith plies his art,
The scientist pursues his germs
O'er this terrestrial ball,
The sailor navigates his ship,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk
The broker reads the tape,
The tailor cuts and sews his cloth
To fit the human shape,
The dame of fashion dressed in silk
Goes forth to dine or call,
Or drive, or dance, or promenade,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman wields his shining tools,
The merchant shows his wares,
The aeronaut above the clouds
A dizzy journey dares,
But art and science soon would fade,
And commerce dead would fall,
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,
For the farmer feeds them all.

—Leslie's Weekly.

RECENT DEATHS.

Alonzo B. Chamberlain.

Another of our older ministers has passed to the realm of fadeless light. After giving all his life to his Lord he has gone to be with Him. Alonzo B. Chamberlain was born in Livingston county, N. Y., May 28, 1831. He was baptized at Howard's creek, Ky., in 1856, and began preaching very soon thereafter. His first pastorate was begun in January of 1864 at Pittstown, N. Y. His last, closing four weeks ago, was at Troopsville, N. Y. Between these he was pastor at Auburn, N. Y., five years, Cato, five years, corresponding secretary of New York, four years, pastor at Third Church, Philadelphia, eight years, Central Church, Worcester, Mass. five years; he also ministered at Erie, Pa., and other places, always to the edification of the people.

He passed from this life at the home of his son, O. P. Chamberlain, and his daughter, Mrs. A. R. Wazenknight, La Grange, Ill., Dec. 19, 1908. He was seriously ill only two weeks. The cause of his death was cardiac asthma. He leaves, besides the two children above mentioned, a son Albert M., of Logmont, Ky., and E. Lulu, Mrs. E. W. Goodwell, Worcester, Mass. His widow survives him. Since Jan. 1, 1863, the day of the emancipation proclamation, she has been his helpful and true companion. Her maiden name was Laura Munson. She was of Monroe county, N. Y. The writer offered prayer at the La Grange house just before the body was taken from the home. The burial and funeral will be at Troopsville, N. Y.

Thus has passed a faithful servant of God. He died with some great texts of scripture on his lips; as "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," and "Peace on earth, good will to men," "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." George A. Campbell.

Dean Frederick Howard.

Drake University of Des Moines, Iowa, is in mourning over the death of the dean of its music school, Frederick Howard. For eight years he has been at the head of this conservatory, building it to be the largest in the state of Iowa.

During the first year of his work, three teachers were sufficient to take care of all the students that applied for lessons. When he died, sixteen teachers were engaged in addition to those who were on leave of absence in Europe. These facts speak most eloquently of his great executive ability.

President Hill M. Bell of the university, writes as follows of Mr. Howard's work:

Dean Howard was one of the most important factors in the life of Drake University. He was not only a splendid musician and a most gifted instructor in music, but he was, as already suggested, a splendid executive. It is due chiefly to this latter quality that he was able to build up the splendid school that stands a monument to his genius. In 1904, as a small recognition of his splendid success in building up the School of Music, the Board of Trustees, upon recommendation of the President, named the building, which had been erected for the School by General Drake as a personal expression of his confidence in the Dean, "Howard Hall."

Dean Howard's influence over the students and faculty of the Music School was most remarkable. There was little friction among the large number of artists that composed his faculty, as each had confidence in his judgment and fairness. Among the students, he was idealized. He was an especial lover of boys. Many young men have been helped

over some difficult places by Dean Howard. But his influence was not confined to the school nor to the boys he loved. He was known and respected by the community and city. His reputation as a musician was state wide,—it might be also said, nation wide, for he had an intimate acquaintance with all of the foremost musicians of this country, as well as with many in foreign lands. He is universally mourned, as much, perhaps, on account of his engaging personality, his spirit of self sacrifice, his devotion to duty as on account of his superior musical qualities. Dean Howard was generous to a fault. His income was large, but he kept little of it for himself. He gave with a free hand to every good cause. He used much of his income in promoting the school of which he was the head. He helped the needy generously and lovingly.

Leach.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Leach was born in Dover, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1839; died Dec. 8, 1908, at Ortonville, Minn. In 1873 she was married to Dwight Leach. Two children survive her, Mrs. A. B. McKinley of Louisville, Ky., and Claude Percy Leach, of Clinton, Minn. Her funeral was held in the Christian Church at Aberdeen, S. D., in the presence of sympathizing friends, Sister Leach having been a charter member of this congregation.

Sister Leach was known in her life as an active church worker and as such will be missed by those who knew her and appreciated her for her true worth to the church and community wherever she lived. She has gone, but has left her life to be reproduced by her children. Rest in peace.

J. Windbigler.

STARTING RIGHT.

The year 1909 must eclipse all the ninety-nine that have gone before it in our efforts to restore the Christianity of Christ. We must commemorate the work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope of the fathers by emulating their sublime example. The most tangible and universal index of our success will be found in the money which we consecrate to God's service. Every live Christian expects to have a share in this. At the beginning of the year the most pertinent inquiry is, how shall I give this year and how much shall I give? Vast as is the work that is to be done by the money more tremendous still will be the influence of the giving upon the lives of the givers. How shall we give most and be most blessed in the giving?

First, Shall we give the least that is respectable in response to the persistent begging? Second, Shall we give only as we are hypnotized by the eloquence of the special pleader? Third, Shall we give just what we have been accustomed to giving? Fourth, Shall we give only what we feel we can spare occasionally out of what is left after other demands have been met? Fifth, Shall we give only in disguise at suppers and socials? Sixth, Shall we give regularly and faithfully a definite proportion of that with which God blesses us?

What a joy it is to have a perennial question settled! "No question is settled until it is settled right." Fifteen minutes of earnest consideration of the above questions is bound to bring any Christian to the conclusion that the last is the only right solution of the problem.

The first of January is the time to begin. The Centennial year makes imperative the demand that we shall get right with God. How vainly shall we plead with sinners to repent when we ourselves are robbing God? With what futile affrontery shall we plead

with denominationalists for complete obedience when we ourselves are Ananias and Saphiras withholding part of the price! May the lash of conscience sting and scourge you until you find the peace of loyal loving partnership with God!

W. R. Warren,
Centennial Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL GRADED LESSONS
FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The Twelfth Convention of the International Sunday-school Association at Louisville, Ky., on June 20, 1908, authorized the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee "to continue the preparation of a thoroughly graded course of lessons, which may be used by any Sunday-school which desires it, whether in whole or in part." In accordance with this authorization, a subcommittee on graded lessons was appointed. This subcommittee has been at work ever since the Louisville Convention, and it hopes to be able to issue to the publishers immediately after the holidays, the first year's lessons of the beginners, the primary, and the junior courses. These lessons will be issued for the use of the lesson writers and editors, who prepare the lesson helps and quarterlies. It is hoped that the work may be ready for the use of Sunday-schools by October 1, 1909.

Ira M. Price, Secretary International Sunday-school Lesson Committee.
December 5, 1908.

In that wider world of being, of which this little world of ours forms so infinitesimal a part, we may be sure that all our spirits and their missions here will continue in some way to be represented, and that ancient human loves will never lose their own.—William James.



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FROM THE HUB OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

When the "Hub" comes to consider the condition of the churches eastward the lack of spokes is then painfully apparent. Except in and about Troy we have no work until the metropolis of the nation is reached. Large, thriving cities, growing every year, like Albany, Utica, Schenectady or Binghamton have no church of Disciples. Yet in each place there is a nucleus about which an organization might be built up.

The story of Troy is like that of Syracuse. When in 1863 Dr. W. A. Belding finished establishing the work in this city and housing the newly gathered church in a comfortable building, he moved to Troy to repeat his work. As a result one of the very best churches in all the east bears eloquent testimony to his consecration. Today it numbers nearly five hundred members, is a living link in Foreign Missions, besides leading in many other good deeds. It has had a noble line of ministers, but none who have stood nearer the people than Cecil J. Armstrong, the present pastor.

F. J. M. Appleman is the new pastor of the Upper Troy Church. He came from Maine and has gotten things well in hand and is doing a splendid work.

Two country churches just outside of Troy, Eagle Mills and Poestenkill, have Bros. Neslagge and L. B. Withee as their respective pastors. Reports from each field are that both of these men are doing fine work for their churches.

At Gloversville, a thriving manufactory city near Troy, H. H. Cushing is leading the church to greater things. This field is a mission of the Empire State and is supported by the combined offerings of our Bible schools of the State.

The men in and around Troy have formed a Ministers' Union, which meets on the second Tuesday of each month. The meetings are delightful in fellowship and stimulating to all.

One would need to travel 160 miles through populous cities before another large group of Disciples are reached, and when found they are as tiny grains of sand in a great dune, for amid the millions of greater New York we are a very weak people. Yet for three quarters of a century, against great odds, our people have stood bravely by the work. On Manhattan island we have two churches, the one on West 56th, weakened by scandal and scism, the other on 119th St., overwhelmed by a strong Jewish environment. It would be a fitting thing for our Centennial year if our united people would see to it that a handsome building on an excellent site somewhere on the line of the subway were built. The proceeds from the sale of the other two pieces of property might purchase the lot, but the offerings of our best churches would be needed to provide a suitable

edifice. If for no reason than for the thousands of Disciples who annually Sunday in New York, this thing should be done. We need a Fifth Avenue church where all may find it, and that easily.

If anybody thinks that the younger preachers of our Brotherhood are fearing the tirade against higher education now being waged by certain brethren on "La Belle Revere," let him look into one of the several eastern universities or theological seminaries. Union in New York is always attractive to our men. The spirit there is fine and the men of the Faculty are of the first order. This year several of our men are taking work there, among whom are Irving S. Chenoweth, late of St. Louis, Nero C. Sims of Carthage, Mo., Walter S. Rounds of Brooklyn, J. R. Jolly, associate of Dr. Herbert Martin in Sterling Place, Brooklyn, L. N. D. Wells of East Orange. W. C. Bower of North Tonawanda, is spending the half-year in Columbia doing special work.

Bro. S. T. Willis of 160th Street Church is recovering from his recent illness and is able once more to attend to his pulpit duties. Bro. Harpe, the new pastor of Lenox Avenue Church, is pleasing his members very much by his fine work. Bro. J. L. Darsie continues to supply the West 56th Street Church.

In Brooklyn Bros. Martin, Keevil and Rounds are able to report progress in their respective fields.

All eyes have been turned on East Orange lately. The history of this young church reads like a chapter from the book of Acts. After house to house meetings, a vacant store-room was possible, then a small chapel, now a commodious church. Bro. Bower attended the dedication services and writes, "We have had a wonderful day. The like of it was never seen in the East. Great audiences taxing the splendid building, more than \$19,000 was raised, and to crown all, when the invitation was given, twenty-seven responded, nineteen by confession." "We New Yorkers count East Orange as ours because so much of the population of Jerseyites are mere sleepers there. We rejoice in that Bro. Wells has so thoroughly awakened them to the importance of their field."

The past month has witnessed a great change in my work here. We have had Miss Lemert with us and she has done great things for our Bible School. Instead of 110 to 130 present, we have now 300, enrolling 102 new pupils in less than three weeks. Last Sunday there were 302 present and the offering was \$146.06. She not only builds up a school in numbers, but her Teachers' Institutes are among the many good things she brings. New methods, an appreciation of the work on the part of teachers, and a call to older church members to enroll, these are some of the movements she starts in motion. As a result of the campaign, this church has voted to call a Pastoral Helper and already Miss Annie Neldrum has entered upon her duties. Look out for better things yet from Syracuse.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Joseph A. Serena.

DEDICATION AT ROCKFORD.

I spent Sunday, Dec. 20, at Rockford, Ill., assisting W. D. Ward, the pastor of the church, in the opening and dedicatory exercises of their new place of meeting.

The church has been meeting for several years in an inconvenient building, located in a very undesirable neighborhood. Yet with all of the disadvantages of their equipment, the Rockford church has increased in numbers and in influence in the city under the capable leadership of Mr. Ward.

Just as they were about to make a change of location, the First Baptist Church approached them with a proposal to consider the union of the two churches; these negotiations began early last spring and continued until June, when the action of the Baptist Church (though voting in favor of union by a majority of one) practically defeated the movement. The Disciples then turned to the task of providing for themselves a better equipment. By a fortunate sale of the old property and the purchase of a new location, they have placed themselves in a strategic position to carry on their work. They now have a corner lot, in one of the best residence districts in Rockford, and a meeting house, reconstructed out of a large residence, with main auditorium on the first floor, seating 300, and class rooms above for the accommodation of the Sunday-school, prayer-meeting and social gatherings of the church.

I found a live, busy and enthusiastic church, united in their work, and responsive to the leadership of their pastor. Sunday, Dec. 20, was a high day with them. The first service of the day was a prayer meeting at 8:00 a. m.; then a preaching service at 10:10; Sunday-school at 12:00; dedicatory service at 1:00 p. m., closing with a Christmas musical service at 5:00 p. m. Many of the members brought their dinner and remained all day. The auditorium was filled to its fullest capacity at every service.

At the afternoon service at 3:00 o'clock, short addresses were delivered by five or six of the pastors of neighboring churches, who came in to show their sympathy and goodwill. The relations of the church with the other churches are most cordial, due in very large measure to the unflinching friendliness and catholic spirit of its scholarly pastor. Mr. Ward not only preaches Christian union but practices it with admirable consistency, as the presence and words of his brother pastors testified. Such a pastor backed by such a church is bound to make its presence felt in Rockford, in an increasing degree.

The church now feels that it can go on unhampered by the disadvantages of a forbidding location. It has made the exchange of properties without loading itself with debt. They received about \$8,000 for the old property, and paid about \$13,000 for the new property, and fitted it up for use at a cost of about \$1,500. But they have

sold off part of the new property and have another part to sell, which will reduce the actual cost to about \$7,500, and with the outlay for repairs, leaves them a lot, 100x100 feet, and building, worth \$10,000, with an indebtedness of about \$2,000.

Errett Gates.

A DEDICATION IN BUFFALO.

The dedicatory exercises of the beautiful and commodious new basement of the Forest Avenue Church were held on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 20. Many were in attendance from Richmond Avenue and Jefferson Street Churches of this city, and some from the Tonawandas and Niagara Falls. R. H. Miller, W. C. Hull and E. F. Randall made brief and very felicitous addresses, after which B. S. Ferrall was "let loose" on the audience, greatly to the delight of all, but especially to the delight of the Forest Avenue Church in so quickly securing good pledges more than the amount called for to put at ease as to payment of all outstanding bills.

The Jefferson Street Church may well be tremulous lest this newly discovered talent in their versatile pastor may cause him too often to be drawn away at church dedications, when Carpenter, Monroe or the wizard Sweeney may not be had. A fine young man made the good confession on Sunday night.

B. H. Hayden.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 22.

THE KANSAS REVIVAL.

Kansas is having more revivals this year than any other state in the Union, and more than she ever had before in any year of her history. A deep revival spirit has spread through all the churches, and is reaching every town and city within the borders of the state, and thousands have been converted as a result:

The reason for this is easy to see—the Kansas Forward Movement for Evangelistic Work, with Dr. Biedewolf at its head, has by persistent effort and exhortation brought to the consciences of the Christian people of the state the conviction that they are responsible for the spiritual welfare of their communities, and by unflagging encouragement and aid, has brought about united evangelistic efforts in a large proportion of the towns. Besides Dr. Biedewolf and his personal assistants, there are two field secretaries constantly at work in the field. The fact that over ten thousand letters have been sent out within the last year by the officials of the movements shows something of the efforts that have been put forth to make this movement a success.

And it has succeeded, almost beyond the expectations of its organizers. Although this is only the fourth month of the ten months' campaign, already over one hundred towns and cities have held revivals, and hundreds more are making active preparations. Nearly all the meetings are union, and are usually carried on in specially constructed tabernacles or in huge tents. Some of the best evangelists in the country will spend nearly the entire season in Kansas. Evangelist Biedewolf and his party have their state engagements made up to June. They have just closed a meeting at Independence, where a great tabernacle seating three thousand was crowded nearly every night, and over eight hundred people accepted Christ. Some of the other leading places where revivals have been held or are being arranged are Topeka, Newton, Wichita, Pittsburg, Manhattan and Kansas City. Indications are that nearly every town in the state will have had a revival before June 30, 1909, when the campaign will close.

Ray Y. Cliff.

JASPER AND DADE.

On Tuesday, Dec. 15, was held at Webb City, the annual county convention of the churches of Jasper county. The writer attended and made an address on the State Bible-school work. Nearly all of the churches of the county were reported. Reports were encouraging and plans for the future earnest and liberal. On Wednesday the writer was at Dade county convention, at Lockwood, and made an address on the State Bible-school work. Dade has not so many churches as Jasper, but those it has are mostly alive to the Lord's cause. W. B. Cochran, who lives in that county, and preaches for several of the churches, is just now removing to Jefferson City, where he will be a member of the legislature soon to convene. The Dade county brethren received our message with apparent gladness and interest, as did also those of Jasper. No region of the state of Missouri is making more rapid progress than southwest Missouri, the district in which these two counties are located.

J. H. Hardin, State Supt.

311 Century Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CHICAGO

Continued.

traitors, for the delectation of those who love that kind of journalism. There must be a future life, otherwise God were unjust, and these men have suffered in vain. No adequate reward has come for their labors and sacrifices in this present life.

It is clear, then, that Chicago Christians are humans, and of a very fine variety, with some of the other kind put in to give the background to the picture. There is the making of a great city movement in the group. When re-inforcements of men and money come, the Disciples shall be much in the public eye, not through their own seeking, but through honest contributions to the greatest moral, social and religious problem in our entire country.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Monroe Street choir sang Dudley Buck's "Coming of the King" the Sunday before Christmas to a large audience.

There were eight additions at the Memorial Church one Sunday recently. Dr. Willett is in his pulpit every Sunday now.

There were five additions the past two Sundays at the Hyde Park church. Among these were Rev. and Mrs. Roscoe Hill recently arrived from Havana, Cuba.

Rev. G. W. Thomas, of Lynville, Ill., will hold a meeting for the West End Church where Rev. C. M. Kreidler ministers. Mr. Thomas is loaned by his church to the West End Church. The meeting begins Jan. 3.

Rev. Roscoe Hill supplied the pulpit at Chicago Heights last Sunday.

The choir of the Evanston Church gave a cantata the Sunday before Christmas and the Sunday-school gave a cantata the following Wednesday evening.

After an absence of more than two months—most of the time in an Englewood hospital, where he underwent a serious surgical operation—C. G. Kindred Sunday morning resumed his pulpit ministrations. As he stepped upon the platform, the audience greeted him with the Chautauqua salute, commingled with the singing of "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and immediately followed by "Blest be the Tie."

At the close of the sermon seven responded to the invitation, five to take membership by letter and two to make the good confession. In the evening, returned missionary H. P. Shaw gave a stirring address on "China and its need of the Gospel." Mr. Kindred, who is still in physical weakness, but gaining, will, for the time being, preach only one sermon on Lord's day, though planning to be present at the evening service, also.

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A JOYFUL GRADUATION AT CAMDEN POINT, MO.

On Sunday night, Dec. 13, in the presence of a great gathering of the people of Camden Point and surrounding country, it was my pleasure to make the graduation address to the Teacher-Training class of that church, and to hand them their diplomas. Though small in number, the class has done some of the best work of any class in the state under the efficient leadership of their teacher, Mrs. E. L. Barham. Another class will be organized at once, and those who graduated in the First Standard Course, will probably take up the Second Standard Course and pursue their studies.

President E. L. Barham, of the Missouri Christian College is superintendent of the Bible-school and an ardent friend of Teacher-Training. John P. Jesse will, at the close of this year, complete ten years of service in the pastorate, but prefers to devote his services elsewhere for the present. Missouri College is enjoying its usual success and adding each year to its reputation as a training school for splendid Christian woman-

hood. It is a burning and shining light for a great region of country. Teacher-Training will be introduced as a part of its regular program.

J. H. Hardin, State Supt.

311 Century Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CHRISTMAS TREE CUSTOM UPHELD

The country's forests again have been called upon to supply about four million Christmas trees, and again many persons have asked themselves and have queried the United States Forest Service, "Is the custom a menace to the movement for forest preservation?"

In the millions of happy homes over the country where the younger generation has made the Christmas tree the center of play since early Friday morning, there are many mothers and fathers who have given the question more or less thought. From Sunday-schools and other organizations also, which hold an annual celebration around a gayly trimmed evergreen for the benefit of the little ones, has come the question whether it is consistent to urge conservation of for-

est resources and then to cut millions of young trees every year to afford a little joy in the passing holiday season.

"Yes, it is consistent and proper that the custom should be maintained," has been the answer of United States Forester Gifford Pinchot in every case. "Trees are for use, and there is no other use to which they could be put which would contribute so much to the joy of man as their use by the children on this one great holiday of the year."

"The number of trees cut for this use each year is utterly insignificant when compared to the consumption for other purposes for which timber is demanded. Not more than four million Christmas trees are used each year, one in every fourth family. If planted four feet apart they could be grown on less than 1,500 acres. This clearing of an area equal to a good-sized farm each Christmas should not be a subject of much worry, when it is remembered that for lumber alone it is necessary to take timber from an area of more than 100,000 acres every day of the year."

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